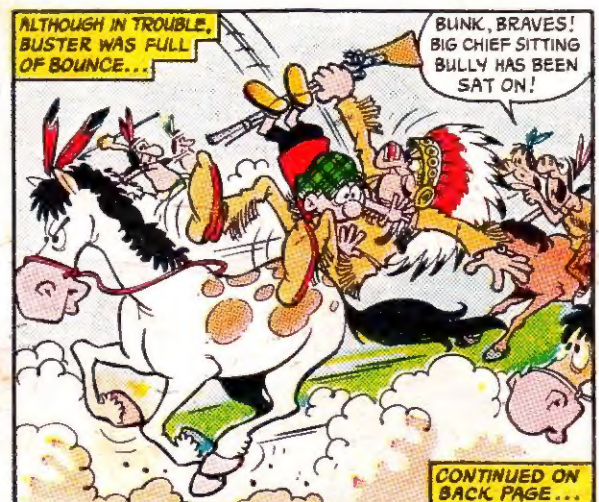
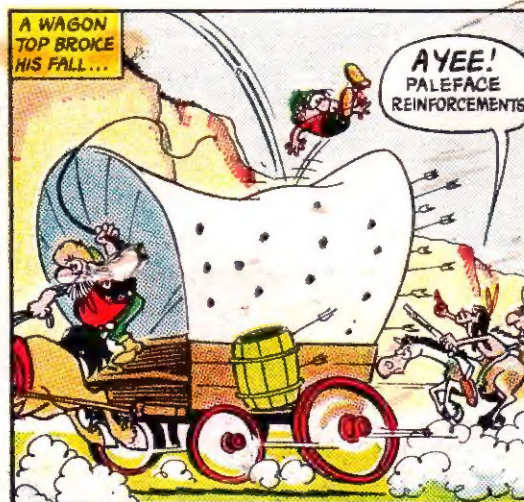
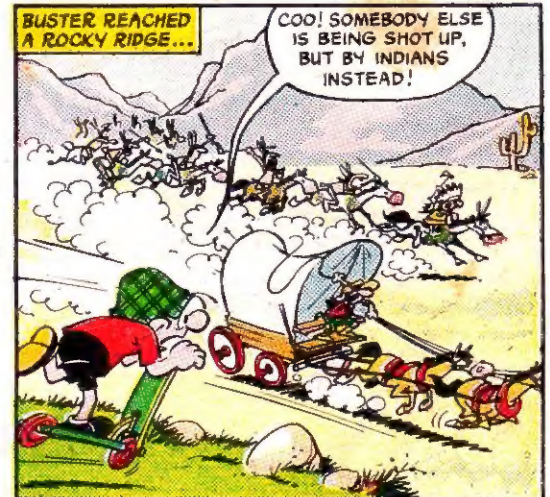
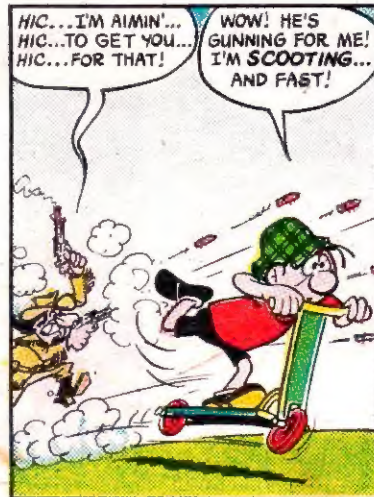
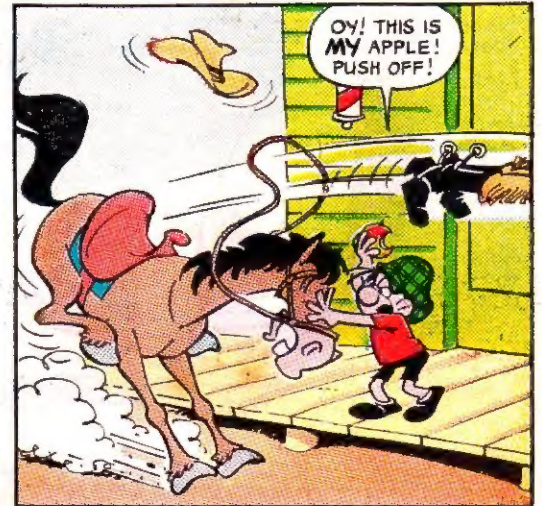
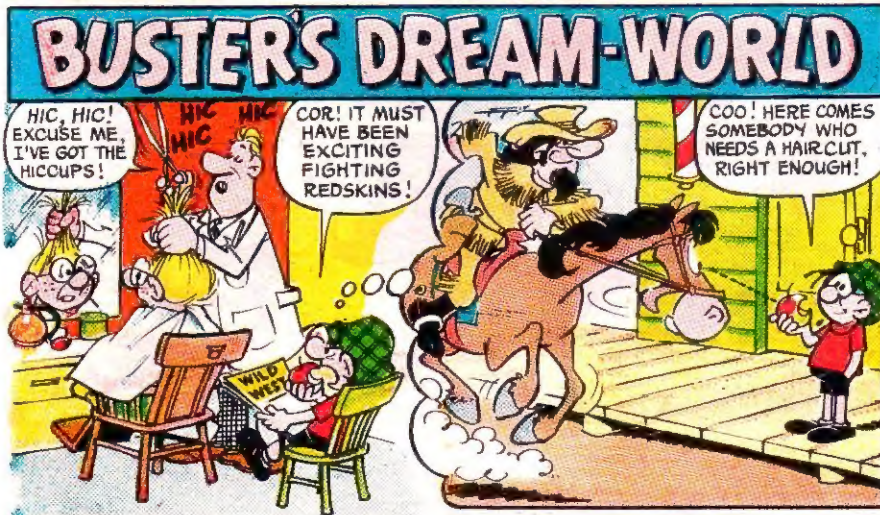


BUSTER ^{7d}

EVERY MONDAY and **Giggle** 9th MARCH, 1968

Australia 10 cents; New Zealand 10 cents; South Africa 10 cents; Rhodesia 1/-; East Africa 1.00 cents; West Africa 1/-; Malta 9d; Canada 15 cents; Malaysia 40 cents; Danmark Kr. 1.50; Deutschland Dm. .55; Espana, Pes. 10.0; Nederland Fl. .65; Norge Kr. 1.25; Portugal Esc. 5.0; Suomi Fm. .60; Sverige Kr. .75; Italia L. 120.



CONTINUED ON BACK PAGE...

JIM EVADED THE SPACE-CREATURE'S CLUTCHING PAWS BY INCHES!

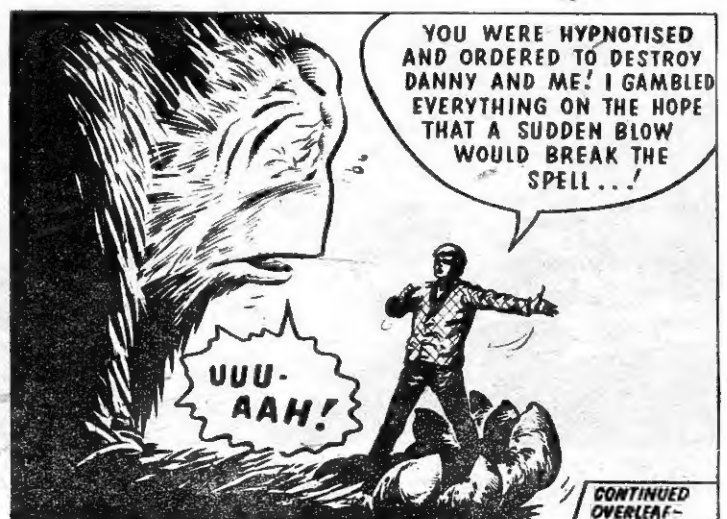
GALAXUS

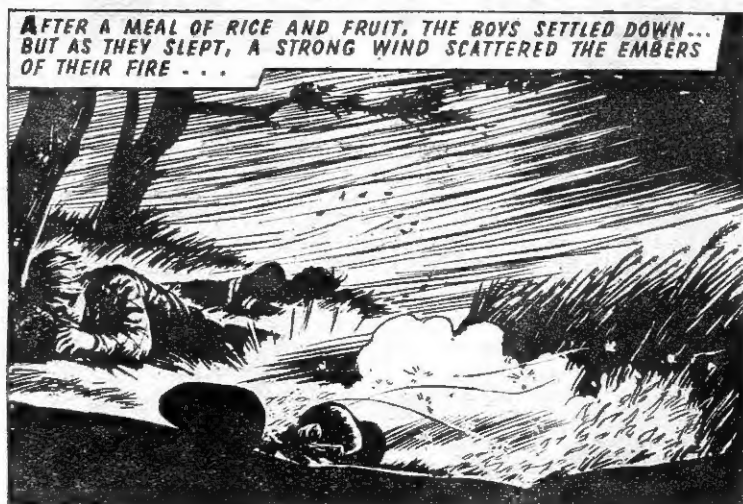
THE THING FROM OUTER SPACE

A space-creature known as Galaxus had been marooned on Earth, and although he meant no harm to anyone he was being hunted throughout Japan. With his only friends—two English boys named Jim and Danny Jones—he managed to defeat a village headman called Toshio Nakamura. Then Nakamura's wife hypnotised Galaxus and ordered him to attack the boys.

Danny tried to run, but ...





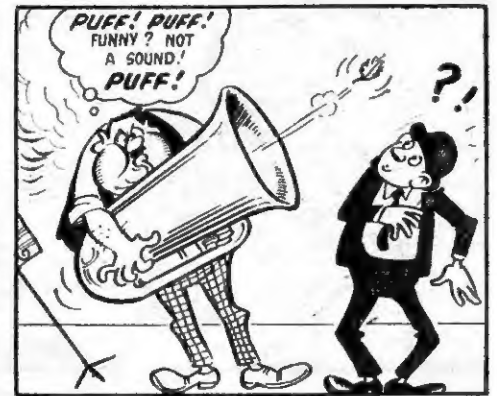
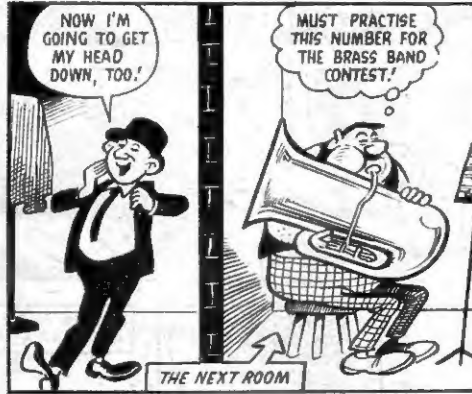


WILL JIM AND DANNY BE ABLE TO WARN THE OCCUPANTS OF THE FARM IN TIME? MORE NEXT WEEK!

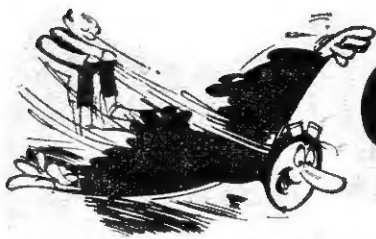
FREDDY LIKES LIVING IN HARMONY... BUT NOT WITH AN OOMPAH-PLAYING NEIGHBOUR!



FREDDY "Parrot-face" DAVIES

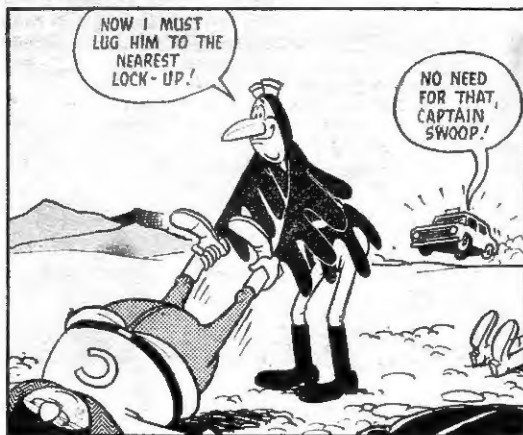
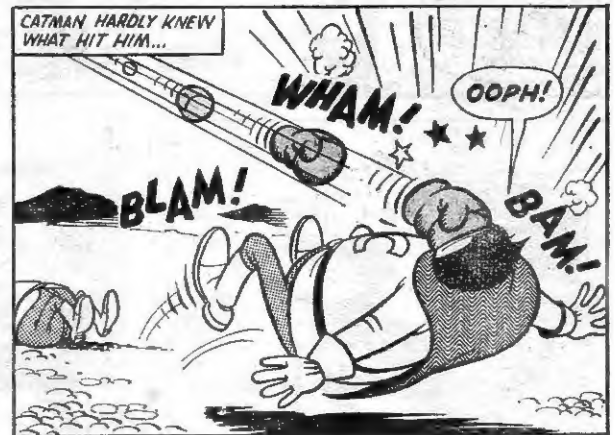
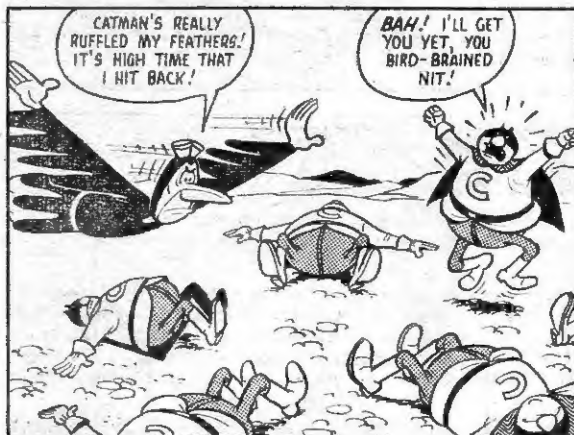
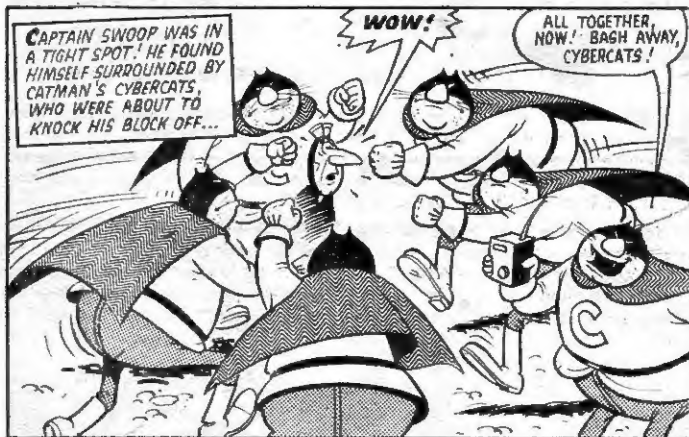


ONE OF THE BUDGIES IS ENTERED FOR A TALKING CONTEST NEXT MONDAY! WILL HE HAVE THE LAST WORD?



CAPTAIN SWOOP

HE'S HALF MAN, HALF BIRD, HALF WIT



YES—A FUN-FILLED NEW STORY WITH CAPTAIN SWOOP BEGINS NEXT WEEK!

Hello,
Mates!

BUSTER'S Birthday CLUB



ANOTHER page of fun and games for Club members! There are new faces to know, the Birth Date Game to play and prizewinning letters to read. And don't forget to check the list of winners down below—you might be among them! Your old pal,

Buster

Meet Four of my Club Pals



Meet eight-year-old Karen Fretwell. Her father is in the R.A.F., stationed in Germany.



Here's Kenneth Hart, of Ormskirk. He has a young brother who will be joining the Club soon!



Andrew Holland hails from Dagenham. He is 9, and thinks BUSTER is absolutely smashing!



This merry miss is Sandra Watson, from Edinburgh. Thanks for your long and amusing letter, Sandra!

CONGRATULATIONS to these winners of our "NAMES" competition: They each win a smashing Jig-saw Puzzle: **Paul Adam**, Sheffield; **Laurie Bates**, Histon; **Philip Basford**, Hull; **Mary Boyce**, Wantage; **Linda Buckhurst**, Dagenham; **David Burn**, Boldon Colliery; **Roberta Cheeseman**, Birmingham; **David Cooper**, Sheffield; **Carol Day**, Boston; **Neil Duckers**, Wrexham; **Kevin D'Souza**, Southampton; **Carol Evans**, Plymouth; **Graham Fido**, Bristol; **Stephen Figg**, London, N.9; **Joan Grace**, Gloucester; **Rodney Harley**, Sheffield; **Christopher Harlock**, Peterborough; **Gillian Harrow**, London, S.W.11; **Paul Howlett**, Dagenham; **Christopher Hudson**, London, S.W.20; **Prudence Hussey**, Oxford; **Michael Jones**, Greenford; **Marilyn Juxon**, Sutton Coldfield; **Steven Kinton**, Nottingham; **Richard Lake**, Dereham; **Deborah**

50

JIGSAW WINNERS

Lynne Rayner, Sutton Coldfield; **Stephen Stokes**, Harwich; **Adele Solomon**, Glasgow; **Carol Smith**, Sutton-in-Ashfield; **Julie Taylor**, Walsall; **David Taylor**, Wigan; **Shirley Walker**, Blandford; **Barry Watkins**, Rochdale; **Stephen Wood**, Manchester; **Colin Woodhouse**, Bradford. Well done, all the winners! There will be another grand competition soon, with more super prizes for Club members... so if YOU didn't win this time there'll be more chances coming along for everyone.

Langworthy, Poole; **Paul Lea**, Ormskirk; **Gary Liptrot**, Bolton; **Susan Maidment**, Barnsley; **Philip May**, Gateshead; **Joan Marshall**, Welling; **Stephen Martin**, Whitechurch; **Donald Myatt**, Wigan; **Julia and Terry McCann**, Middlesbrough; **Moirai McIlroy**, London, S.W.8; **David Pascoe**, Redhill; **Mary Peplow**, Bedford; **Patrick Pugh**, Aspley; **Elaine Putterill**, Wisbech;

Is your Birth Date here?

29th March, 1957

1st December, 1961

21st May, 1956

13th July, 1959

4th September, 1958

5th November, 1960

AHOY, mates, check those dates... it could mean a reward for you! If the exact day, month and year of your birth is here, you can help yourself to any one of the following prizes from my treasure chest: **Disguise Outfit**, **Pocket Knife**, **Model Vintage Car Kit**, **Writing Folder**, **Fountain Pen** or **Story Book**.

Look the dates over again, chums. If you're really sure that your birth date is shown, write it on a postcard together with your full name, address and choice of prize. To win it, all you have to do is solve this simple puzzle. Back in the time when pirates sailed the Seven Seas, two special kinds of money were used. You can find out what they were by rearranging these words:

EIGHT
SPANISH

OF
DOUBLOONS
PIECES

Bluebeard wouldn't have any trouble with a puzzle like that! Write them correctly on the postcard, print "BIRTH DATE GAME" in the top left corner (address side) and post to reach the Club by Thursday, 14th March. If you live overseas you have until 4th July.

Another list of prizewinning birth dates next week, mates!

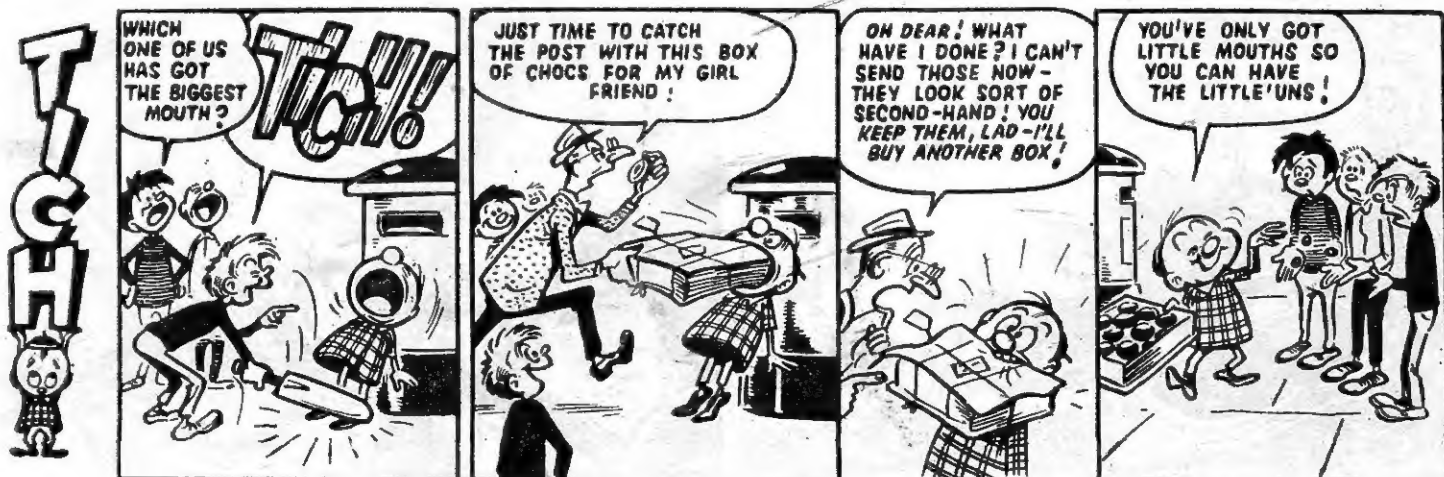
From you to me...

Benfleet member **Martin Haines** writes: "My cat was napping when suddenly a mouse

scuttled across the floor. I woke her up and pointed to the mouse which had stopped to look at us. My cat took one glance, yawned and went back to sleep!"

Michael Messenger of Stokenchurch owns a pup named "Buster"! "One day when we were out walking," says Michael, "we passed a house where an Alsatian dog was tied up. This was Buster's first and last look at an Alsatian. He started to run and didn't stop until he reached home!" I know another BUSTER who would do exactly the same thing, Michael!

★ MY ADDRESS: Buster's Birthday Club, 1-2 Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.) ★

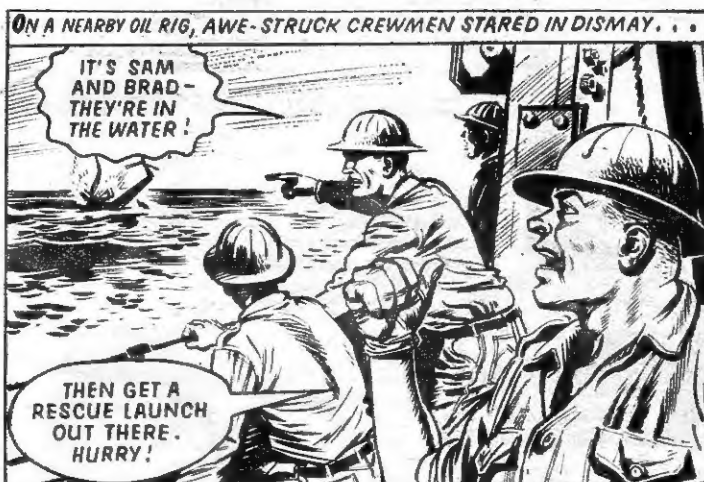
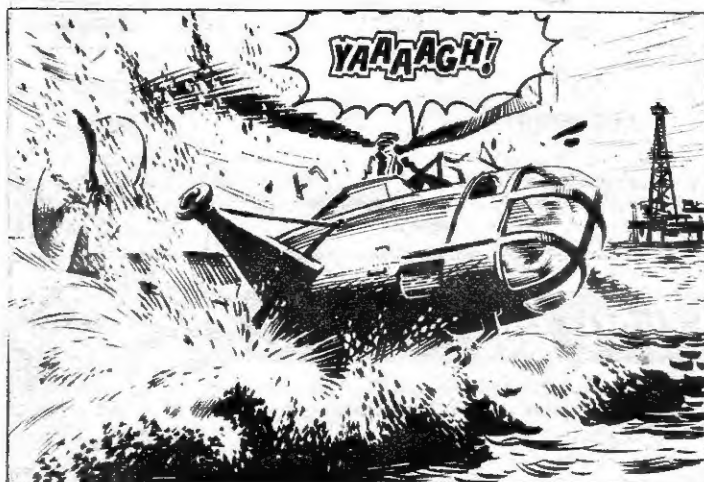


TWO LIVES WERE AT STAKE — SO FISHBOY HAD TO ACT FAST!

FISHBOY

Denizen of the Deep

Stranded on a desert island as a child and forced to get his food from the sea, Fishboy gradually developed slightly webbed hands and feet and learned to breathe underwater as easily as a fish. After discovering that his parents might still be alive and living in London, Fishboy set out to find them, but on reaching Southern Persia he fell foul of some desert tribesmen. Fortunately, he was rescued by two men in a helicopter, but he desperately needed water. After Fishboy struggled with the pilot, the helicopter plunged into the sea...



AS THE HELICOPTER SANK, FISHBOY SCRAMBLED GRATEFULLY INTO THE SEA... BUT FOR THE TWO PILOTS, IT WAS A GRIM, DESPERATE SITUATION...



NEXT MOMENT, A STRANGE, GURGLING CALL WAS RIPPING THROUGH THE SEA...

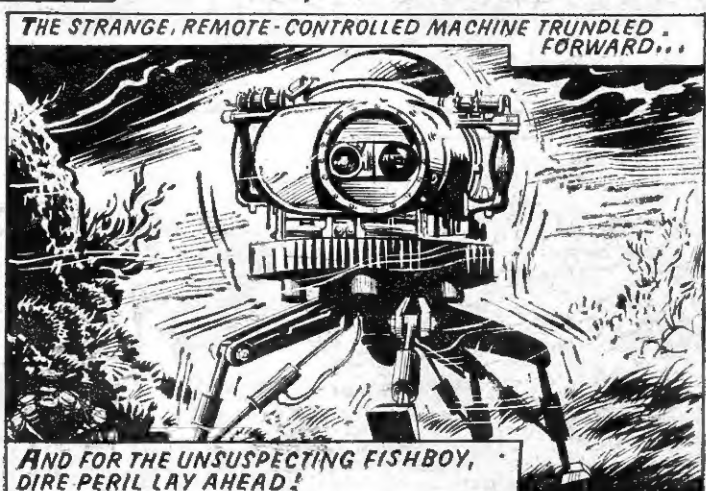


IT WAS THE ALARM SIGNAL OF THE GIANT MORAY EEL — AND ALMOST INSTANTLY IT WAS ANSWERED...



IN A FLURRY OF FOAM, THE GIANT EELS SPED TO THE RESCUE AND FISHBOY URGED THEM TO PULL AT THE METAL BLOCKING THE ENTRANCE...

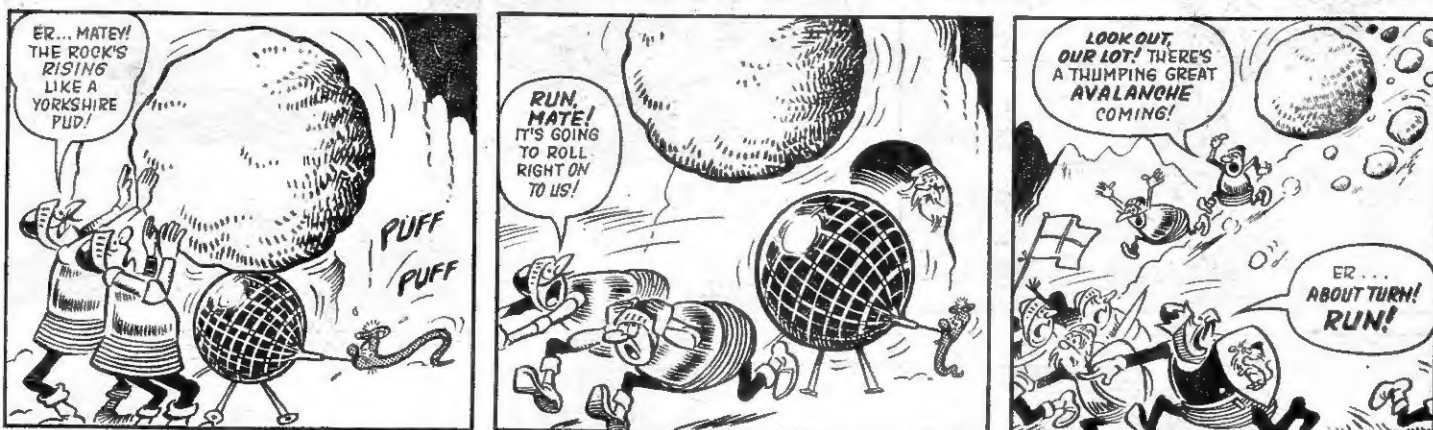




WHAT IS THIS ROBOT-LIKE GADGET? FIND OUT IN NEXT MONDAY'S THRILL-PACKED EPISODE!

OF ALL WONDER WORM'S ANCESTORS, NONE CAME "BOULDER" THAN A SCOT NAMED WILLIE!

Wonder Worm



OUR HERO HELPS THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON NEXT WEEK—AND THERE ARE PLENTY OF LAUGHS, TO BOOT!

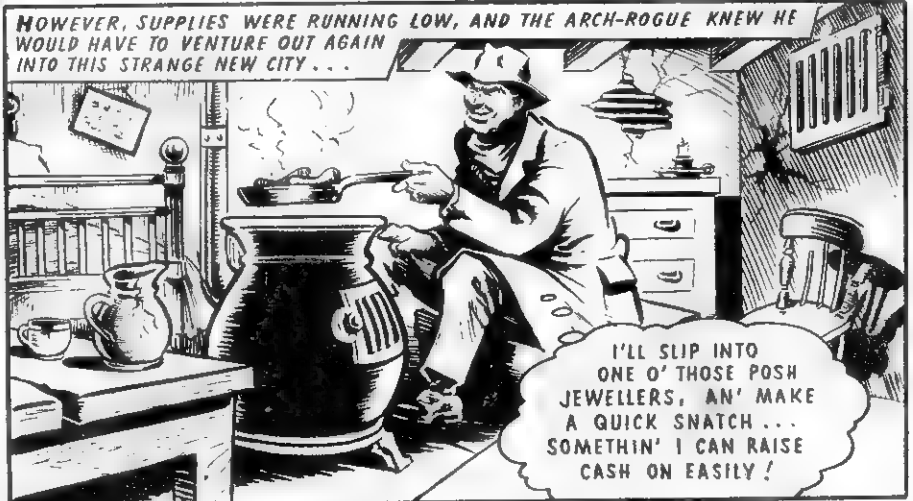
CHARLIE'S IGNORANCE OF MODERN SECURITY METHODS RESULTED IN AN ALARM BEING RAISED !

The ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES of *Charlie* Peace



Charlie Peace had been trapped in a time-machine in Victorian days . . . and emerged to find himself in modern London. As his ancient hide-out still stood, he hid in the secret cellar . . .

HOWEVER, SUPPLIES WERE RUNNING LOW, AND THE ARCH-ROGUE KNEW HE WOULD HAVE TO VENTURE OUT AGAIN INTO THIS STRANGE NEW CITY . . .



I'LL SLIP INTO ONE O' THOSE POSH JEWELLERS, AN' MAKE A QUICK SNATCH . . . SOMETHIN' I CAN RAISE CASH ON EASILY !

THE JEWELLERS HE CHOSE WAS SO EXCLUSIVE THAT IT WAS DESERTED . . .



A DIAMOND TIARA . . . AND NOT EVEN A SHEET OF GLASS IN FRONT ! THEY ASK TO BE ROBBED !

BUT CHARLIE'S HAND BROKE AN INVISIBLE ELECTRONIC-RAY . . .



TCHAH ! WHO RANG THAT BELL ? I'M BEIN' SPIED ON !

AND NEXT INSTANT . . .



HEY, YOU !

YOW ! IT NEARLY CRUSHED ME HAND !

THE MASTER-CROOK ONLY REMEMBERED THE EARLY VICTORIAN EXPERIMENTAL "UNDERGROUND" . . .



I'LL SOON LOSE 'EM IN THE SMOKE AND THE DARKNESS !

AHA ! I'LL POP DOWN HERE AND THROW 'EM OFF !



STOP THIEF !

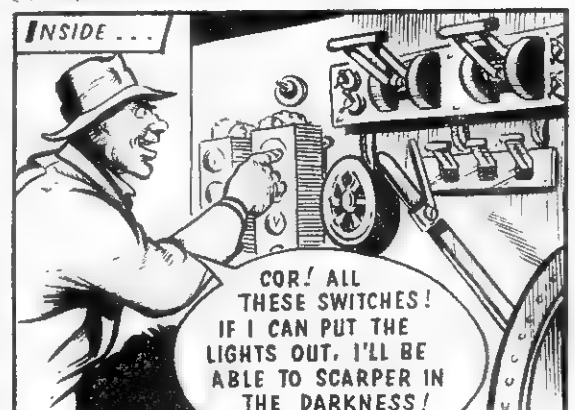
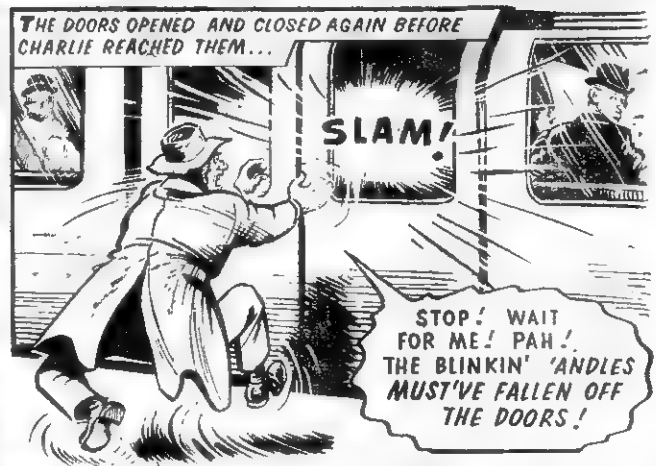
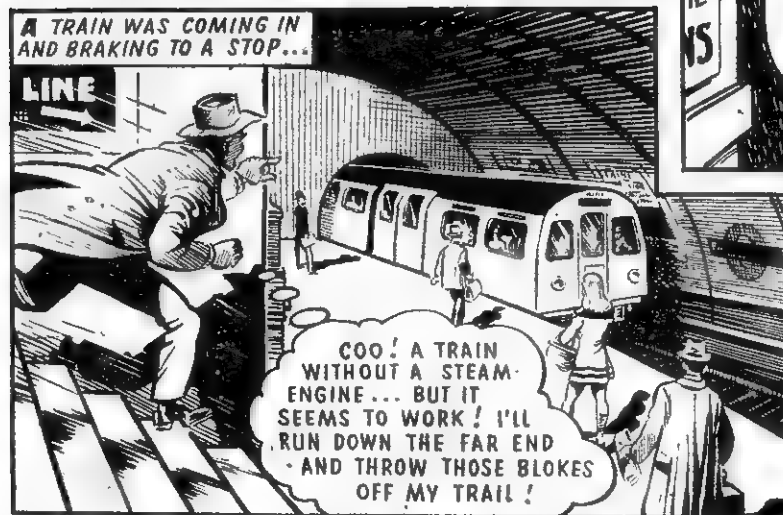
SHOW YOUR TICKETS, PLEASE !



GOT NO TIME TO BUY A TICKET . . . BUT THIS OL' BIT O' CARDBOARD WILL FOOL HIM !

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

AN ESCALATOR UPSET CHARLIE ... BECAUSE IT DIDN'T GET HIM DOWN!





**ESCALATOR
EMERGENCY
STOP!**
TO BE USED
ONLY IN
URGENT
NECESSITY!

**OUTSIDE,
THE MOVING
STAIRCASES
JERKED TO A
SUDDEN STOP!**

CRUUUNK!



**THE TRAVELLERS WERE ONLY
BRUISED BUT THE STATION
STAFF CAME UPON A FORLORN
FIGURE ...**

**OUCH!
ME BACK!
ME POOR
ARM! ME
ANKLE!**

**I THINK
THEY'RE FALLIN'
FOR ME ACT!**

**DEAR ME!
GET HIM TO
MY OFFICE!**

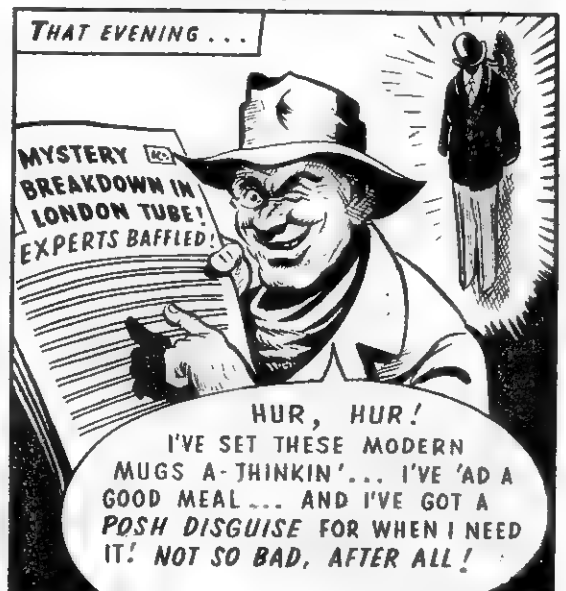


**FLAMIN'
CHEEK! BUT
THIS GRUB IS
GOOD!**



SOON ...

**NOT PERISHIN'
LIKELY! ... AND I'M
TAKIN' ME OLD CLOBBER
WITH ME! TA-TA!**

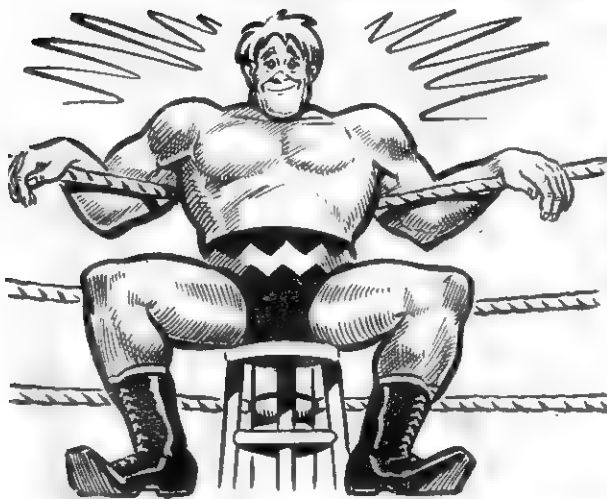


THAT EVENING ...

**MYSTERY
BREAKDOWN IN
LONDON TUBE!
EXPERTS BAFLED!**

THERE'S NEVER A DULL MOMENT WITH CHARLIE PEACE AROUND! MEET HIM AGAIN NEXT WEEK!

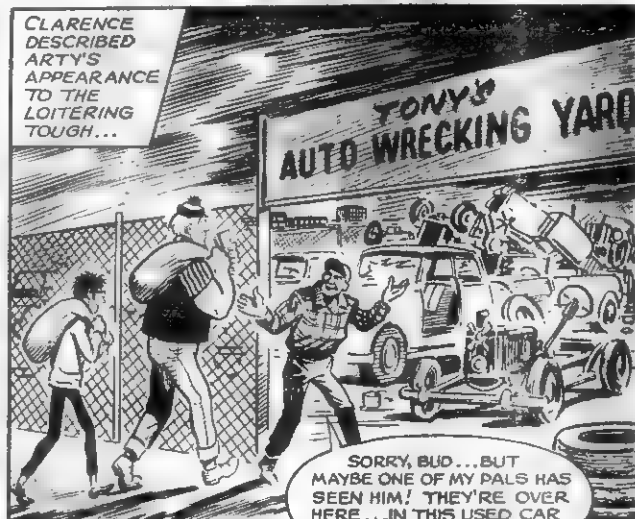
NUTTY AND CLARENCE ALLOWED THEMSELVES TO BE LED INTO DANGER!



NUTTY SLACK

The GENTLE GRAPPLER

Natty Slack and Clarence Todworthy had reached America after being picked up by some millionaires on a pleasure-cruise. The Americans paid Natty handsomely for entertaining them during the voyage. Then the companions set out in search of Natty's manager, Arty Mann, who had travelled on ahead to the United States with his assistant Musher Peel . . .





FOR WHEN NUTTY SLACK LOST HIS TEMPER, HE REALLY LOST IT!
TH-THAT BIG GOOF'S LAID OUT THE TERRIBLE TWINS! RUN FOR IT, LOUIS!

UNFORTUNATELY, SPEED HAD NEVER BEEN NUTTY'S STRONGPOINT...



BUT NUTTY'S AIM WASN'T VERY GOOD...

EGAD!

OH, CRIKEY... I'VE RINGED OLD CLARENCE INSTEAD!



TA!

MR. SLACK... STOP HIM!



IT'S... NO USE, CLARENCE... PUFF! WE'LL NEVER CATCH 'EM UP IN THIS JUNGLE OF JUNK!

KING NUTTY

BUT AT LEAST WE HAVE MANAGED TO CAPTURE TWO OF THE SCOUNDRELS!



PERHAPS THEY ARE KNOWN TO THE LOCAL POLICE! IF SO, THERE MAY STILL BE A CHANCE OF RECOVERING OUR MONEY!

OH, LUMME! I RECKON I WAS BETTER OFF WHEN I WAS HUMPIN' COAL FOR A LIVING!



SHOP!

MY STARS! LOOK WHO THESE TWO HAVE BROUGHT IN...



THEY'RE THE TWIN TERRORS... THE MOST VICIOUS TAG-TEAM WRESTLERS IN THE WHOLE OF NEW YORK!

WHAT DID THEY DO... RUN INTO A BUS?

NO MATE... MY FIST!



BY CHANCE, A NEWSPAPER REPORTER HAD BEEN HANGING AROUND THE STATION IN THE HOPE OF PICKING UP A STORY...

OH, BOY... THIS IS SENSATIONAL! IT'LL MAKE HEADLINES IN OUR NEXT EDITION!

BUT WHAT ABOUT OUR LOLLY...?



FOR A CERTAIN CITIZEN, THE NEWS CAME AS QUITE A SHOCK...

NEW YORK NEWS MAY 11

THE FIST THAT FLATTENED THE TERRIBLE TWINS....
Hero of Scrap-Yard Scrap
Claims to be
NUTTY SLACK

WHY, THAT NO-GOOD, INTERFERIN' LIMEY! WITH THE TERRORS OUT OF ACTION, WE STAND TO LOSE A FORTUNE!



CHECK YOUR HARDWARE, BOYS! WE'RE GONNA PAY A CALL ON MR. NUTTY SLACK!

GLICKS!

CLACK!

THOX!

YEAH-WE'LL SHOW HIM WHAT HAPPENS TO PEOPLE WHO GET IN THE WAY OF CHICK KARGO'S MOB!

WILL THE GANGSTERS CARRY OUT THEIR THREAT? NEXT MONDAY'S EPISODE IS SENSATIONAL!!

YIPPEE! I MANAGED TO FAIL MY ANNUAL MEDICAL EXAMINATION! I'M NOT FIT TO BE A TEACHER AT BOOTHALL SCHOOL ANYMORE! I'M FREE OF THOSE NAUGHTY BOYS AT LAST!

THEY DIDN'T PUT TIN TEACHER'S NAME
ON THE LIST BECAUSE HE'S A ROBOT.
BUT SHORT-SIGHTED OLD
DOCTOR COLIC WON'T KNOW
SO SHOVE HIS NAME DOWN,
BRADY!

BLEEP! I MUST BE DUE FOR MY ANNUAL MECHANICAL OVERHAUL!

BLEEP! I MUST BE DUE FOR MY ANNUAL MECHANICAL OVERHAUL!

WITH A BIT OF LUCK,
THE DOC' WILL FAIL HIM!
HE WON'T BE ABLE
TO HEAR T-T'S HEART
BEAT BECAUSE HE
HASN'T GOT ONE!

WITH A BIT OF LUCK,
THE DOC' WILL FAIL HIM!
HE WON'T BE ABLE
TO HEAR T-T'S HEART
BEAT BECAUSE HE
HASN'T GOT ONE!

BEHIND THE SCREEN.
WHOEVER YOU ARE!
TAKE OFF YOUR
CLOTHES!

BEHIND THE SCREEN.
WHOEVER YOU ARE!
TAKE OFF YOUR
CLOTHES!

BLEEP! I SUPPOSE HE MEANS REMOVE MY OUTER CASING!

BLEEP! I SUPPOSE HE MEANS REMOVE MY OUTER CASING!

BLEEP!
WON'T BE
LONG,
SIR!

BLEEP!
WON'T BE
LONG,
SIR!

OUCH!
I'VE GOT A
SUDDEN
HEADACHE!
I CAN HEAR
BELLS! I MUST
SEE A
DOCTOR!

OUCH!
I'VE GOT A
SUDDEN
HEADACHE!
I CAN HEAR
BELLS! I MUST
SEE A
DOCTOR!

WHEN T-T EMERGED...

I SAY! YOU ARE THIN!
YOU MUST LACK IRON!

WHEN T-T EMERGED...

I SAY! YOU ARE THIN!
YOU MUST LACK IRON!

BLEEP!
LACK IRON?
I'M ALL
IRON!

BLEEP!
LACK IRON?
I'M ALL
IRON!

YUK, YUK!
HE'S GOING
TO FAIL!

YUK, YUK!
HE'S GOING
TO FAIL!

H'MMM!
NOW, LET'S
SEE YOUR
TONGUE!

H'MMM!
NOW, LET'S
SEE YOUR
TONGUE!

BLEEP! I SUPPOSE HE MEANS
MY VOICE-CONTROL-UNIT!
I'LL DETACH IT!

BLEEP! I SUPPOSE HE MEANS
MY VOICE-CONTROL-UNIT!
I'LL DETACH IT!

AAAGH!
IT'S MORE LIKE
AN ELEPHANT
TRUNK! PERHAPS
I SHOULD HAVE
BEEN A VETERINARIAN

AAAGH!
IT'S MORE LIKE
AN ELEPHANT
TRUNK! PERHAPS
I SHOULD HAVE
BEEN A VETERINARIAN

BLEEP!
TUT, TUT!
ONE OF MY
VOICE TAPES
HAS UN-
ROLLED!

BLEEP!
TUT, TUT!
ONE OF MY
VOICE TAPES
HAS UN-
ROLLED!

TO CONTINUE - SIT DOWN AND CROSS YOUR LEGS! I'M GOING TO TEST YOUR REFLEXES ...!

TO CONTINUE - SIT DOWN AND CROSS YOUR LEGS! I'M GOING TO TEST YOUR REFLEXES ...!

HE HASN'T GOT
ANY REFLEXES.
HE MUST FAIL
NOW!

HE HASN'T GOT
ANY REFLEXES.
HE MUST FAIL
NOW!

BLEEP!
THAT TAP
ACTIVATED
MY LEG-
EXTENDING-
UNIT!

BLEEP!
THAT TAP
ACTIVATED
MY LEG-
EXTENDING-
UNIT!

OOH! NOW
I'VE A SUDDEN
PAIN IN MY
TUMMY!
OW!

OOH! NOW
I'VE A SUDDEN
PAIN IN MY
TUMMY!
OW!

ALL'S NOT WELL WITH ME.
I MUST LOOK AT MY TONGUE
IN THE MIRROR...! AAAGH!
I'M NOT ONLY SEEING DOUBLE,
I'M SEEING **QUADRUPLE**...
AND ALL FOUR OF ME LOOK
TERRIBLE!

ALL'S NOT WELL WITH ME.
I MUST LOOK AT MY TONGUE
IN THE MIRROR...! AAAGH!
I'M NOT ONLY SEEING DOUBLE,
I'M SEEING **QUADRUPLE**...
AND ALL FOUR OF ME LOOK
TERRIBLE!

GENTLEMEN! I KNOW I SAID YOU HAD ALL FAILED YOUR MEDICAL... BUT FORGET IT! YOU'RE ALL FIT! IT'S ME WHO'S SICK!

GENTLEMEN! I KNOW I SAID YOU HAD ALL FAILED YOUR MEDICAL... BUT FORGET IT! YOU'RE ALL FIT! IT'S ME WHO'S SICK!

GNASH!

GNASH!

ZOOM:

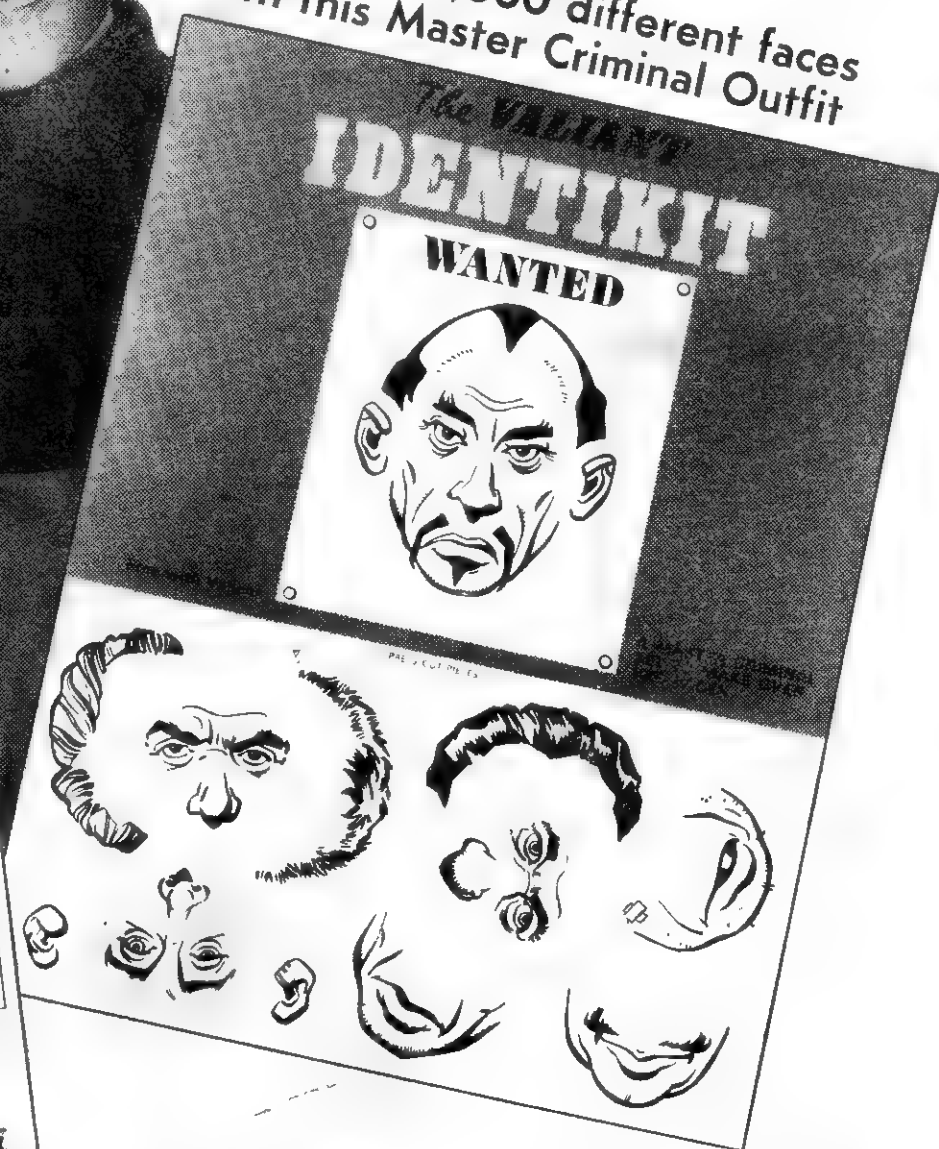
ZOOM:

A TRIP TO A RUBBER FACTORY KEEPS THE FUN AT FULL STRETCH NEXT WEEK!

With Valiant OUT TODAY!

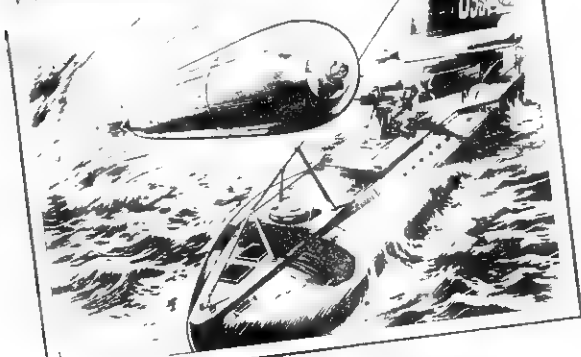
FREE THE VALIANT IDENTIKIT

Make over 1,000 different faces
with this Master Criminal Outfit



IS IT TRUE

...WAS A BRITISH SUBMARINE AT
A CRAFTY TRICK IN 1941? ...THE
BATTLE OFON PAGE 12.



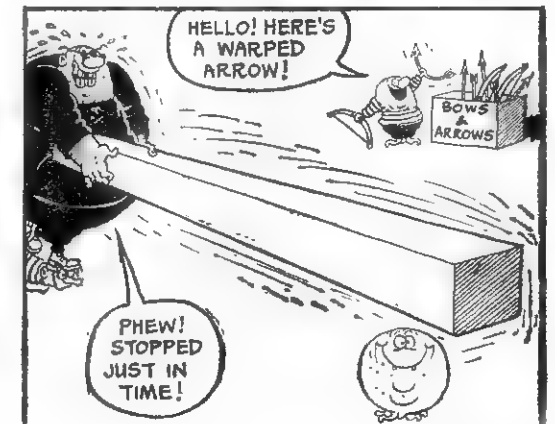
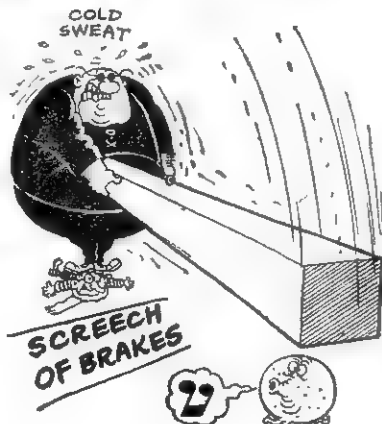
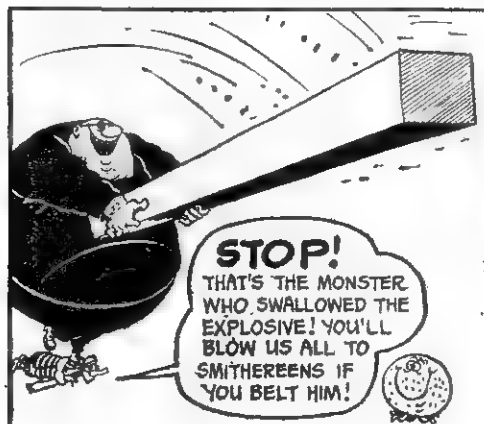
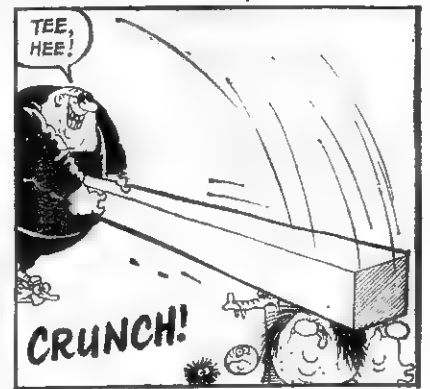
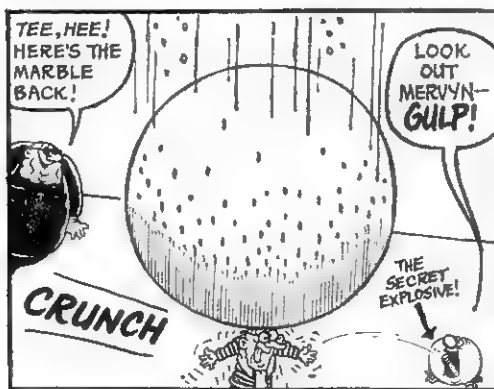
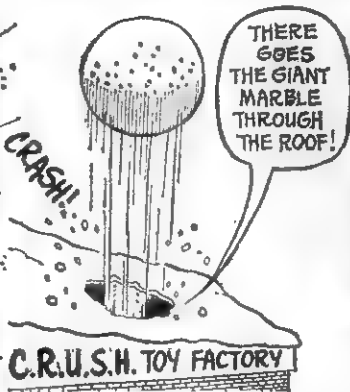
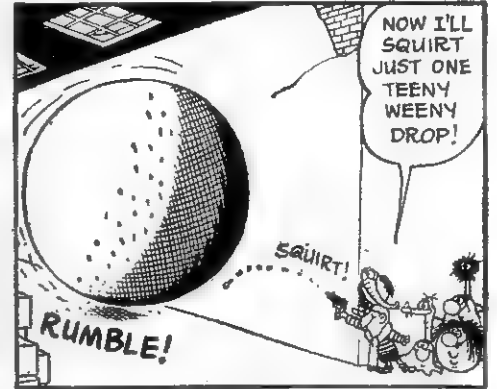
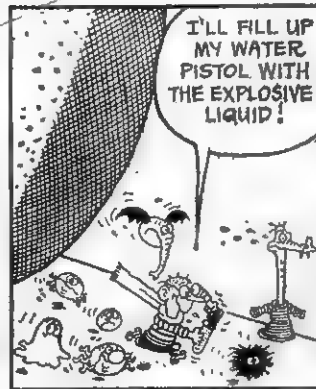
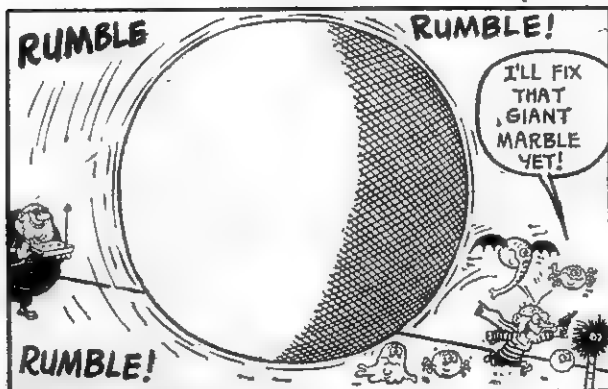
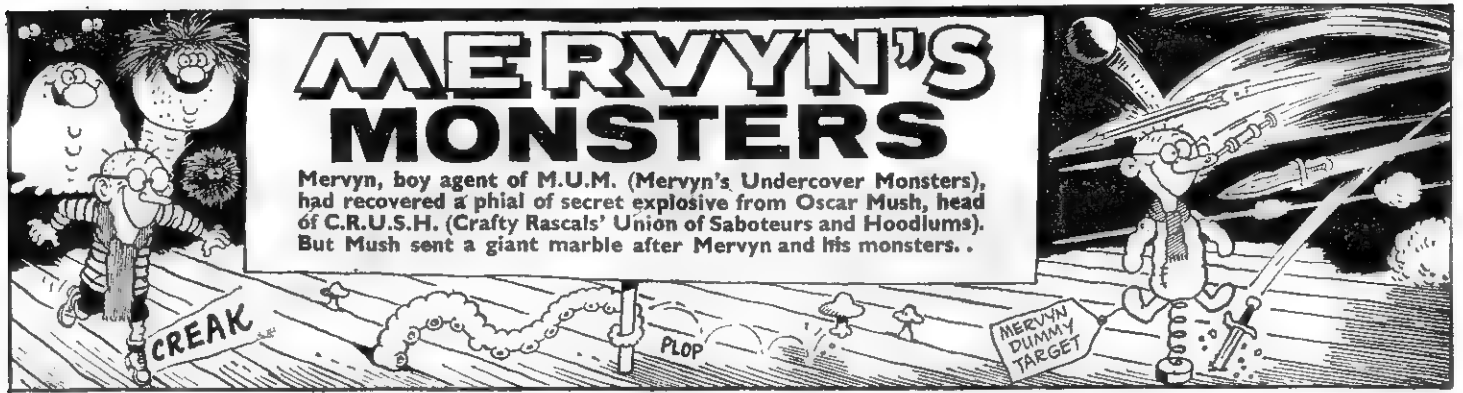
A FLEETWAY Magazine

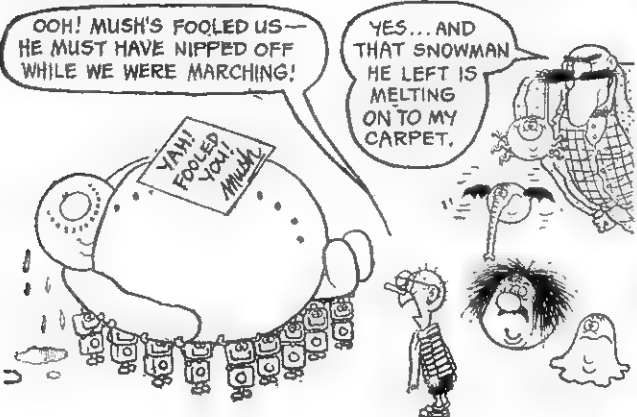
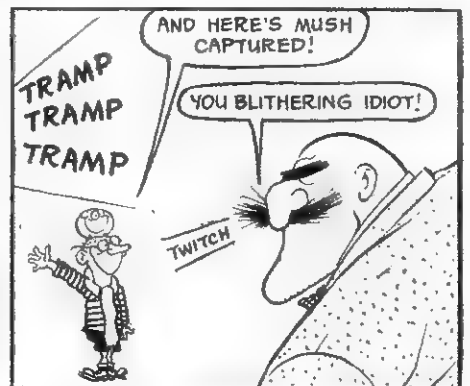
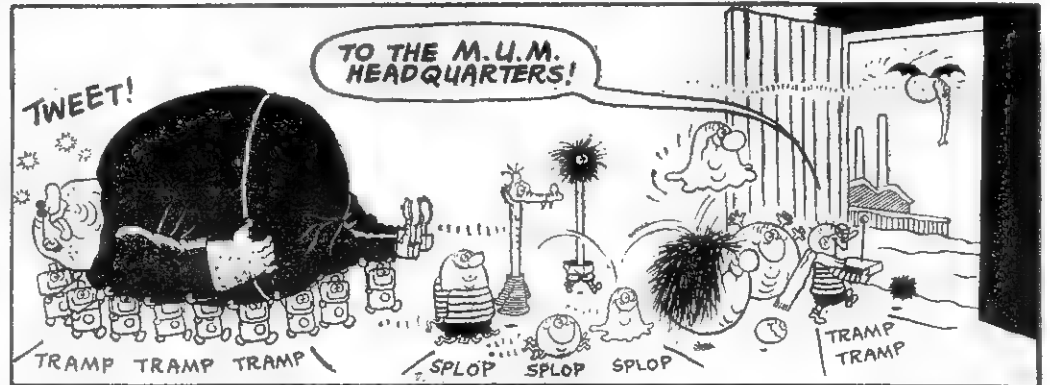
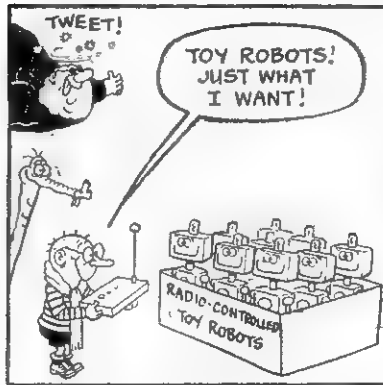
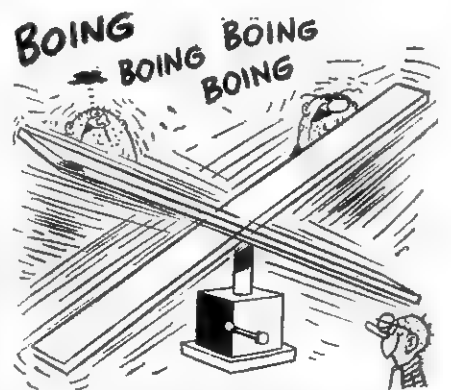
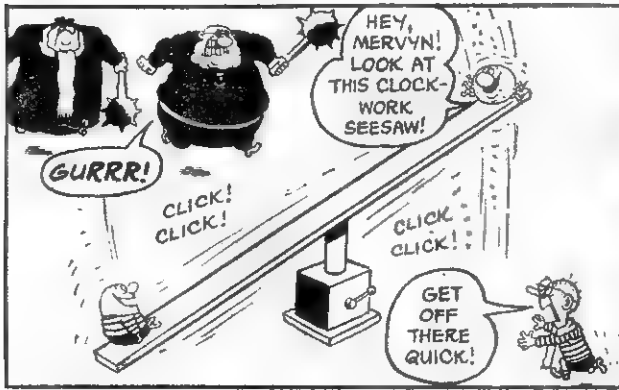
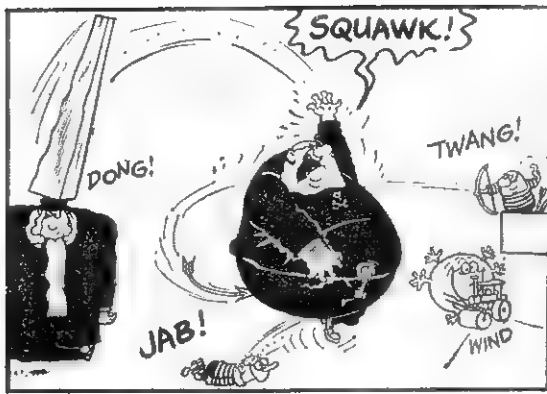
Start reading TODAY these great new features—Sexton Blake
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Bluebottle and Basher—Little Orvy—and other Valiant favourites.

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Every Monday 7d.

40 powerful pages sizzling with fun, thrills and excitement
GET YOUR VALIANT TODAY—AND EVERY MONDAY



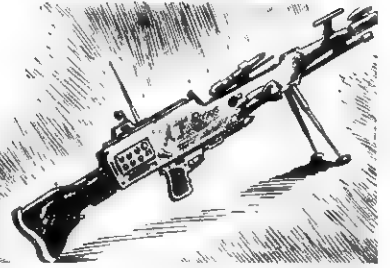


WHAT IS MUSH'S PLAN—AND WILL THE MYSTERY FIGURE PLAY A PART IN IT? FIND OUT NEXT WEEK!

A MECHANICAL HEDGEHOG BURST INTO THE OPEN — TO MENACE THE MARVELS!



MICKY MARVEL'S MULTI-GUN



Micky Marvel had become the guardian of the Multi-Gun, a wonderful toy which changed into a real weapon when the boy uttered certain key words. His scientist father was kidnapped by international agents so Micky tracked them to a fortified island and released Dr. Marvel with the help of the Multi-Gun. After accounting for some of the crooks, Micky and his father trapped the others in a mysterious underground hangar...



WITH THE SITUATION NOW DESPERATE, MICKY RISKED A NEW MISSILE!

DR. MARVEL TOOK DELIBERATE AIM, AND PRESSED THE TRIGGER. THE OUTCOME WAS DISASTROUS, HOWEVER...

HUH! THAT LIGHT'S NO STRONGER THAN AN ELECTRIC BULB! THE... THE GUN IS JUST GIVING OFF A FAINT, TINNY BUZZ!



THE AMAZED SCIENTIST WAS STILL PULLING THE TRIGGER DESPERATELY AS THE HEDGEHOG THUNDERED PAST HIM...



MICKY MUST HAVE GIVEN ME THE WRONG GUN... THIS IS JUST A HARMLESS, PLASTIC TOY!

NEXT SECOND THE FEARSOME VEHICLE BORE DOWN ON MICKY MARVEL...



LET HIM HAVE IT, BOYS! DON'T GIVE THE KID A CHANCE TO USE THAT GUN OF HIS!

DAD, WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHY DON'T YOU FIRE?!

WITH BULLETS WHISTLING AROUND HIS HEAD, THE BOY TUGGED ANOTHER MISSILE FROM ONE OF HIS AMMUNITION POUCHES...



THE SPELLMAN MAGNO-MISSILE... TO BE USED WHEN ATTACKED BY WEAPONS MADE OF METAL!



IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE! BUT WHAT IF THE MULTI-GUN HAS LOST ITS POWER? MAYBE THAT'S WHY DAD COULDN'T STOP THE HEDGEHOG...

THEN, AS THE STRANGE, VIBRATING MISSILE WHIRLED ABOVE THE BOWS OF THE HEDGEHOG...



HEY, WHAT'S THAT HE'S FIRED AT US? SOMETHING SHAPED LIKE A TOY MAGNET!

IF THIS DOESN'T WORK, I'M FINISHED!



HUUUUH! MY STARS... THE FRONT END OF THE HEDGEHOG IS STARTING TO RISE!

CONTINUED OVERLEAF-



AS IF ATTRACTED BY SOME COLOSSAL MAGNETIC FORCE, THE FANTASTIC IRONCLAD STOOD ON ITS TAIL...

AAOWW! WE'RE OVERTURNING...! JUMP FOR YOUR LIVES!



AYEEGH!

CRASH!!



ONLY A FEW OF THE KIDNAPPERS HAD NOT BEEN STUNNED BY THE EARTH-SHAKING IMPACT...

THAT'S IT, BANJO... ROUND 'EM UP, BOY!

WAF! WAF! GRRRR!

UUUH! WHERE... AM I?



SECONDS LATER, DR MARVEL CAME DASHING UP...

IT'S ALL RIGHT, DAD... THEY'VE HAD ENOUGH! BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU USE THE LASER-PISTOL WHEN YOU HAD THE CHANCE?

I DID, SON...



...BUT IT DIDN'T WORK! IT...IT SEEMED TO CHANGE, SOMEHOW...THE MOMENT YOU GAVE IT TO ME!

GOSH! MAYBE THE PISTOL BECOMES A TOY AGAIN, ONCE IT'S DETACHED FROM THE MULTI-GUN!



BUT IT WORKED ALL RIGHT WHEN I USED IT TO CUT YOUR MANACLES IN THE BUNKER... AND IT WAS DETACHED FROM THE GUN THEN, WASN'T IT?

IT'S NO USE ASKING ME, MICKY!

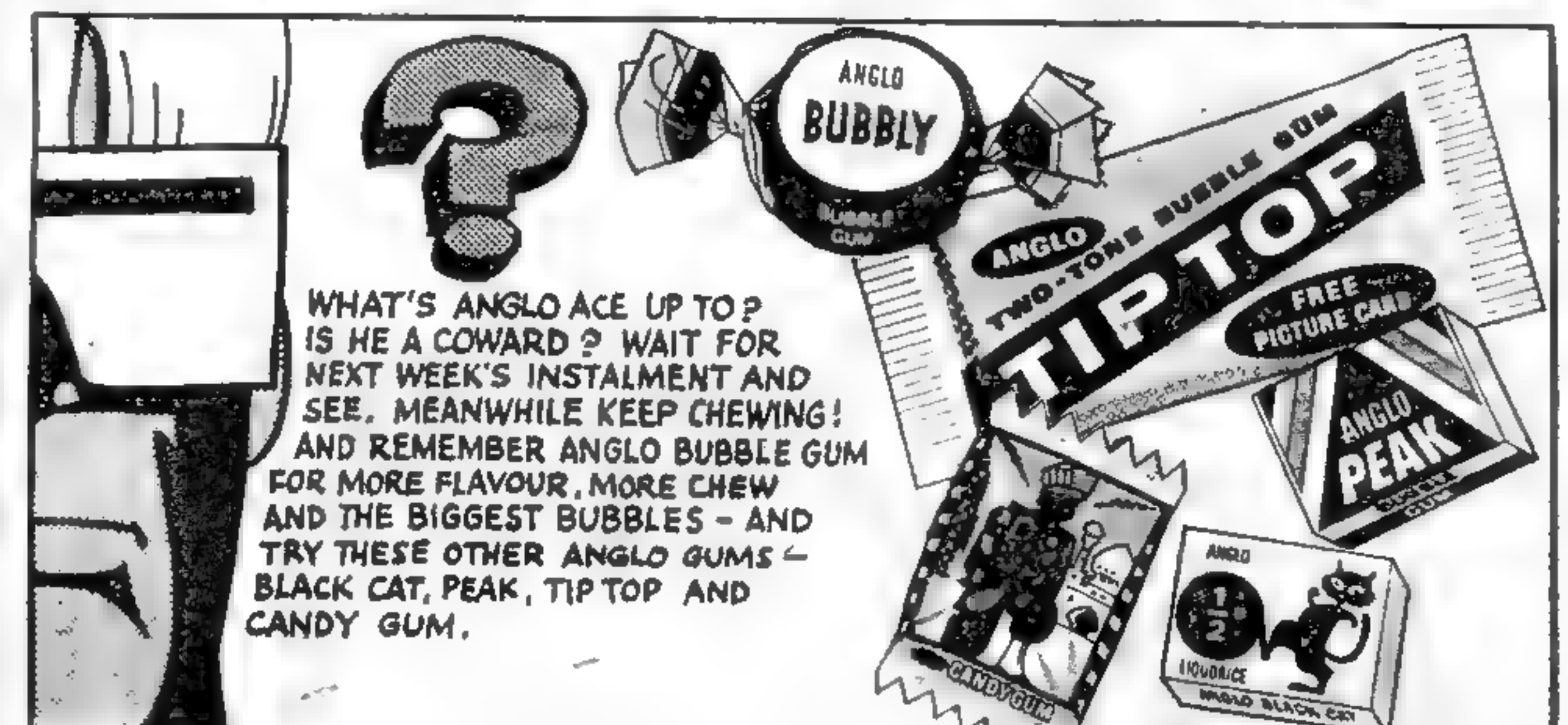
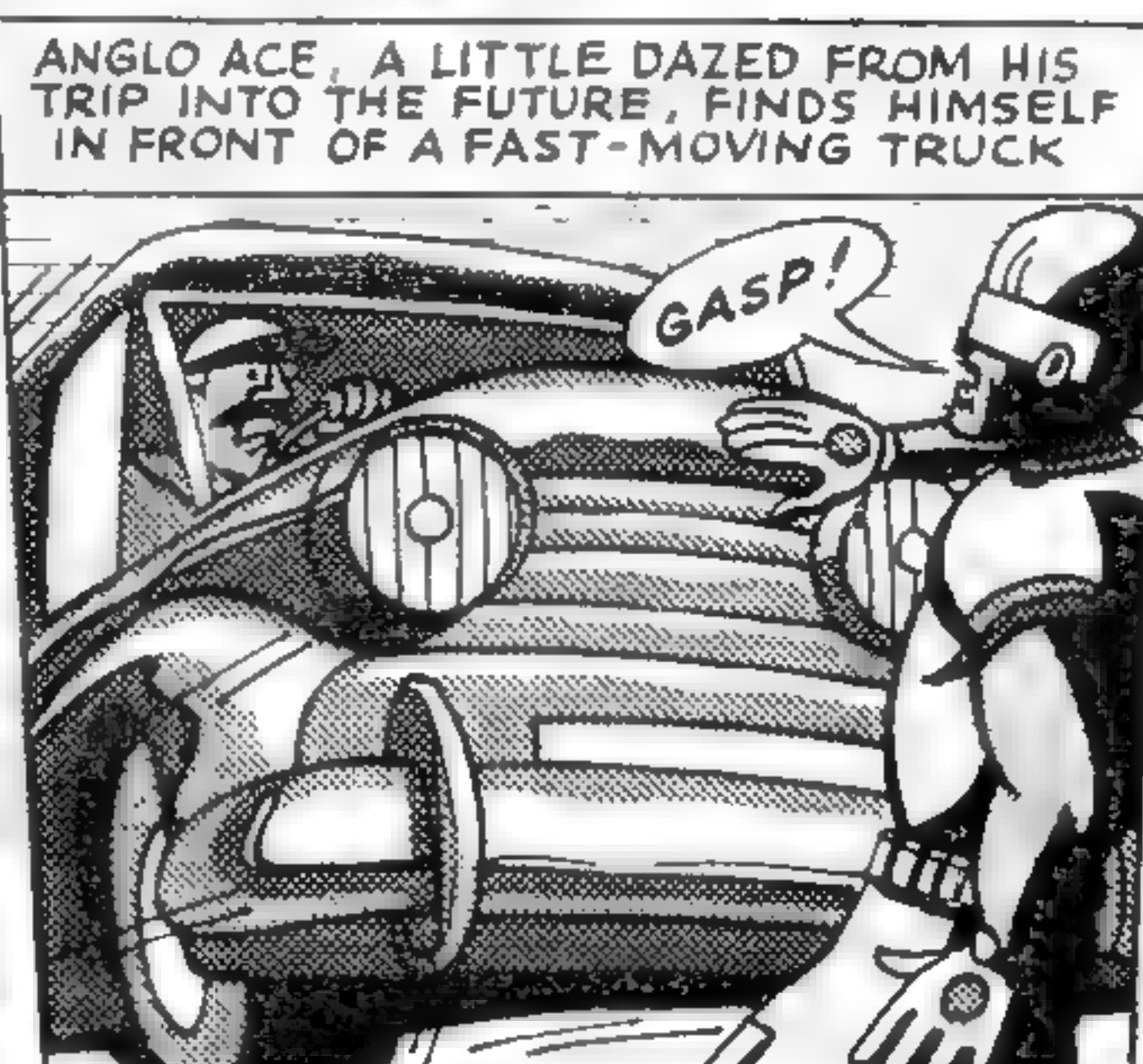
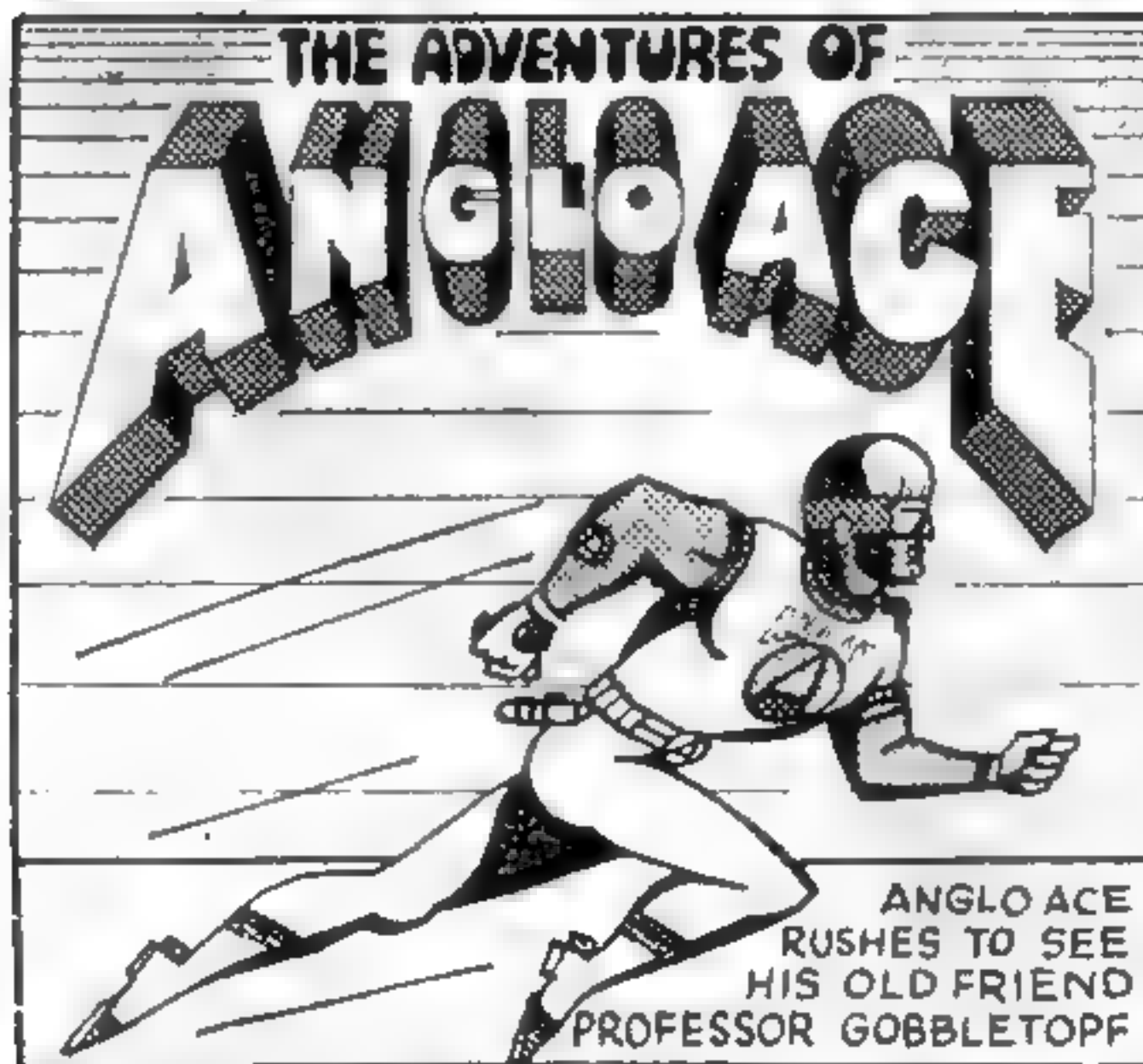


INTENT UPON THE MYSTERY, MICKY AND HIS FATHER FAILED TO NOTICE THAT THE KIDNAPPERS' LEADER HAD RECOVERED...

...AND WAS CRAWLING CLOSER AND CLOSER TOWARDS A LOADED MACHINE-GUN!

WILL THE GANG-LEADER TAKE HIS REVENGE? SEE NEXT WEEK'S DRAMA-CHARGED EPISODE!

This advertisement is another in the series of Anglo Ace adventures from Anglo



ANGLO BUBBLE GUMS GIVE YOU MORE FLAVOUR, MORE CHEW - AND THE BIGGEST BUBBLES!



Racing driver Simon Starr and his inventor pal, "Brainbox" Cox, had been invited to take over an old garage and petrol station while the owner was abroad. In a broken-down shed, they found an old racing car...

The SKID KIDS



BRAINBOX MADE A CLOSER INSPECTION OF THE CAR, WITH SIMON LOOKING ON...

OH, LOR... THE RACER'S NOT AS GOOD AS IT LOOKS, PAL! HALF THE ENGINE'S MISSING!

THAT'S NO PROBLEM, SIMON! THERE ARE DOZENS OF SPARE PARTS AROUND! I'LL SOON HAVE SOMETHING FIXED UP! BUT WE MUSTN'T FORGET OUR OTHER WORK HERE!



FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS, THE SKID KIDS WERE KEPT BUSY, BUT SIMON STRUCK TROUBLE...



OOOERRR! THE LADDER — IT'S COLLAPSING!

EH? WHAT'S THAT? HALF A MO'... I'LL COME OUT!

NEXT SECOND...



NO-NO, STAY WHERE YOU ARE! I-I'VE DROPPED THE PAINT POT!

URRGH! WHAT DID YOU SAY? SOMEONE'S DROPPED A PAINT POT ON MY HEAD! CAN'T HEAR A THING!

DESPITE SUCH SETBACKS, THEY EVENTUALLY GOT THE PLACE FINISHED...



WELL, IT'S DONE!

ALL WE HAVE TO DO NOW IS SIT AND WAIT FOR THE CUSTOMERS TO ROLL IN! WE'RE ON A SHARE OF THE PROFITS, REMEMBER!

TO THEIR DELIGHT, BUSINESS PERKED UP...



SIX GALLONS, SIR! WHAT ABOUT OIL AND WATER? CHECK YOUR TYRES? ALL PART OF THE SERVICE!

THANKS...NICE OF YOU TO OFFER, SON!

THIS PLACE USED TO BE A PROPER DUMP, MATE! IT'S A LOT BETTER NOW!

WE AIM TO PLEASE...OPEN DAY AND NIGHT, IF IT'S OF INTEREST!

THE MONEY CAME ROLLING IN...



NOT A BAD WEEK'S WORK, BRAINBOX... THE TILL'S FULL! WE'D BETTER BANK IT TOMORROW!

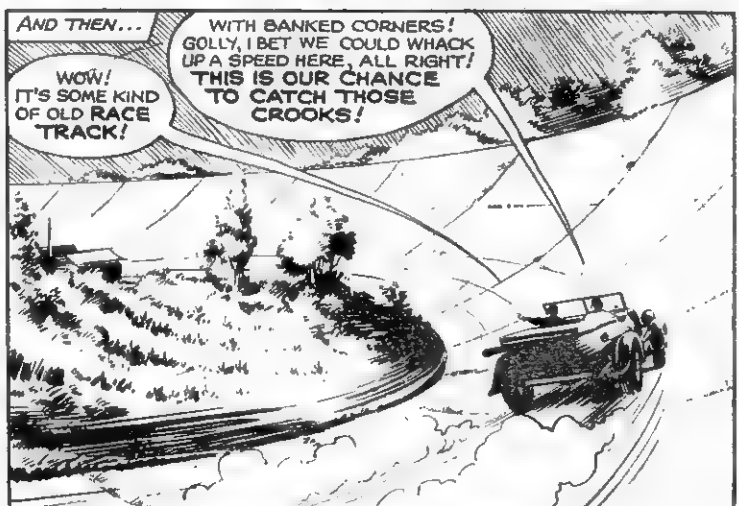
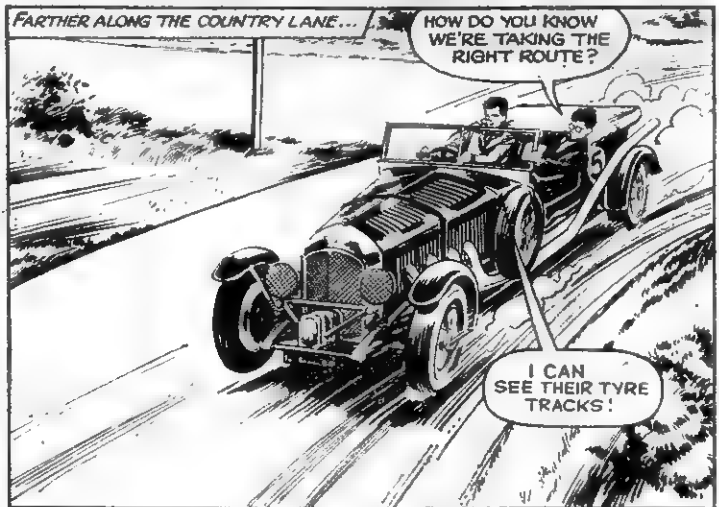
THE OLD RACING CAR'S COMING ALONG, TOO! I'VE GIVEN HER A BRAND NEW ENGINE, MADE OUT OF SPARE PARTS! COME AND WATCH ME START HER UP!

THEY WALKED OVER TO THE WORKSHOP...



JUST LISTEN WHEN I OPEN HER UP!

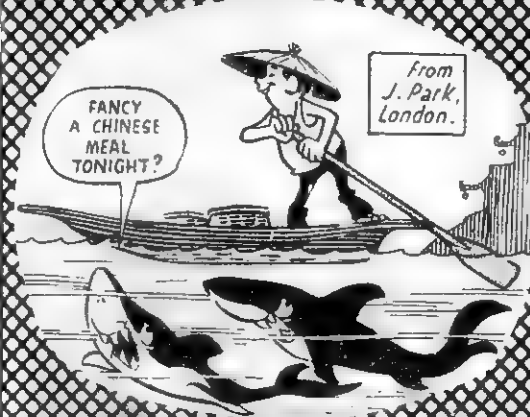
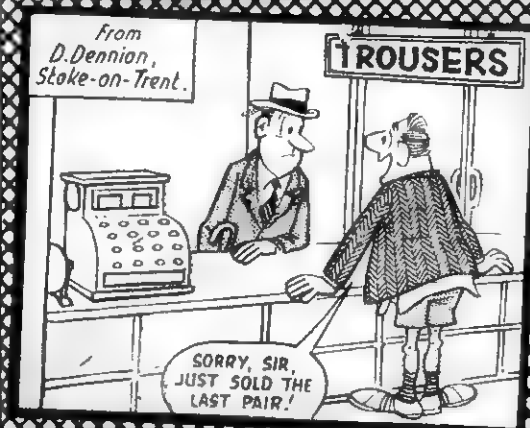
OKAY, GENIUS...LET'S HEAR IT!



NEXT MONDAY: THE CROOKS STRIKE AGAIN! DON'T MISS THE EXCITEMENT!

JOIN IN THE FUN — THERE ARE SUPER PRIZES TO BE WON!

MAKE BUSTER LAUGH



£16

TO BE WON EVERY WEEK

Write or draw your joke on a postcard, stamp the card, and post to :

BUSTER and GIGGLE, FLEETWAY HOUSE, FARRINGTON ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

£2 WILL BE AWARDED FOR EACH OF THE EIGHT JOKES PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

(When similar jokes are received, the first one to be judged will be awarded the prize.)

MY THREE FAVOURITE FEATURES ARE:

1.
2.
3.

PLEASE FILL IN THE COUPON ABOVE AND PASTE IT TO YOUR POSTCARD.





Do your thrills come from the 'telly'?

In the Royal Navy they're for real



Helicopter on the flight deck. You've helped get her ready for take-off.

Your destroyer's radar picks up the target. You help launch the missile that can explode it out of the sky.

Your frigate detects a submarine. Gives chase. In the operations room you track it down.

Real thrills these. The kind you get in the Royal Navy.

So why settle for a future with the 'telly' and an 8-to-5 routine?

You're out of the rut fast. Come on in—and get yourself a good trade. There are plenty to choose from.

Mechanically minded? Become an Electrical or Engineering Mechanic. A Naval Air

Mechanic. A Seaman working with space-age weapons.

Want an apprenticeship? Find out if you qualify to become an Artificer—or, if you're over 17½, a Mechanician. Either way you'll get one of today's finest apprenticeships.

Ambitious? You can get ahead fast. By his early twenties a good man can be earning well over £1,000 a year (including marriage allowance.)

You can try for a commission. Today one officer in three begins his career as a rating.

You'll be with a great team of men. And you'll see the world.

Get the facts. Cut the coupon. You can join at 15. **Get out of the rut. Get into the Royal Navy.**

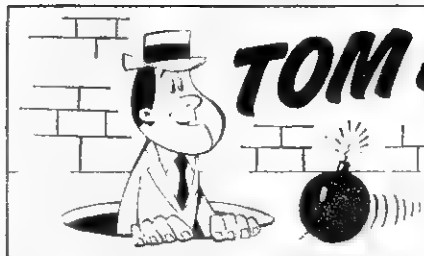
Royal Navy

Royal Naval Careers Service, (0343L7),
Old Admiralty Building, Whitehall, S.W.1.
Please send me the free 52-page booklet 'The Royal
Navy as a Career.'

Name

Address

Date of birth
(Enquiries from U.K. residents only)



TOM ARTO SPECIAL AGENT

One Up For Tom.

TOM ARTO was at his desk; the window at his side was open, and Tom had thrust one leg outside to warn passers-by that something was afoot.

Actually, nothing was up—he was only airing his left sock.

Suddenly, one corner of the centre carpet lifted and his assistant popped up through a trap-door.

"Gentleman to see you, sir," he announced. "Says he's from Fizzaria and bears important news."

"Where is he?" asked Tom.

"In the upstairs room, sir," said his assistant smartly. "I will show him in."

The young man pressed a button on Tom's desk and a large square hole appeared in the ceiling through which a large armchair containing a man crashed to the mat in front of Tom.

"You wish to see me?" asked Tom.

"Yes," said the man, crawling about on all fours looking for his teeth which had fallen out due to the thud.

When he had found eight of these he seemed satisfied, and rose to his feet and the occasion.

"I have dropped in to obtain your help," said the man. "I represent the country of Fizzaria. We are a great chemical country."

"I love a comical country," replied Tom.

"Chemical—not comical," said the visitor. "We make the most astounding chemicals in the world. We can turn anything into something else. We made the chemical that made Dick Whittington turn again and end up as a mayor. Unfortunately, we have also made jealous enemies, who wish to steal our chemicals and turn this into

that and that into this!"

"Your story gives me quite a turn," remarked Tom.

"So it should," said the stranger. "My name is Professor Izzitist."

"Is it?" asked Tom.

"Yes, it is!" replied the professor.

"Well," said Tom. "What's your trouble?"

"We've had an ultimatum from President Eeznot," answered the professor. "He's a villain!"

"Eeznot?" queried Tom.

"Yes, he is. It's no good saying he's not!" snapped Izzitist. "Eeznot is!"

"So," said Tom, "it's a case of Eeznot versus Izzitist, is it?"

THE MAN CRAWLED ABOUT ON ALL FOURS



"It is," agreed Professor Izzitist. "And Eeznot demands that we hand over our chemical secrets, or he'll march in and take them. We want you to help us, please!"

"Then I shall have to come and see some of your inventions," said Tom. "I feel sure we can foil your enemies, even if it means turning them into something chemically comical."

Two weeks later, Tom was in the professor's private workshop.

Suddenly, the door opened and a young man entered.

"Message from the War Office, sir," he said. He handed over a document and departed.

The professor read the message, and gave a

sudden howl that caused Tom's hat to fly off.

"This message is from Eeznot," said the professor. "He says he's marching in tomorrow to take our chemical secrets by force. Just as I had completed this new invention, too!"

"What is it?" asked Tom.

"Come outside," said the professor. "I will demonstrate."

He poured some strange liquid into a bottle and, as they went outside, called to an old gentleman who happened to be passing.

Sprinkling some of the stuff onto the old chap's head, the professor stepped back.

With a sudden swishing sound, the old man sailed into the air and in a matter of seconds was out of sight.

"Where is he?" asked Tom.

"Before bedtime," replied the professor, "he will be on the moon."

"This gives me an idea," said Tom. "Can you make the stuff weaker?"

"Easily," answered the professor.

"Then do so," said Tom. "If you will give me some, I will go to Eeznot's country tonight and treat them all to a drink."

A few hours later, the super special agent was in the enemy camp.

Tom, wearing a foolproof disguise, invited Eeznot's army to a slap-up feed; they made merry on the gallons of drink which Tom had provided.

Eeznot made a speech to his men.

"Soldiers," he said, "tomorrow we will become rich. After you have conquered Fizzaria we shall possess wonderful chemicals, and you can all have some."

The men cheered and had another drink, and then it happened!

The chemical which they had all been drinking suddenly acted. The entire army rose from the ground to a height of five feet; there they remained suspended.

All that Izzitist's men had to do was tickle their feet with scrubbing brushes.

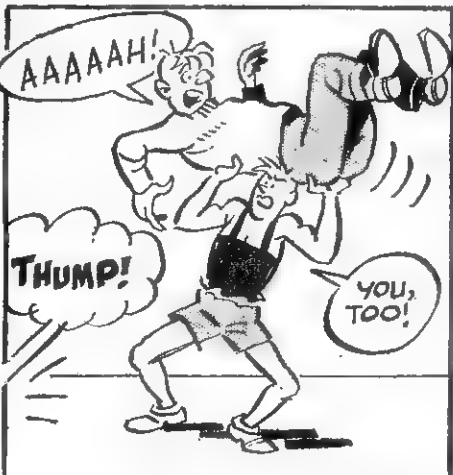
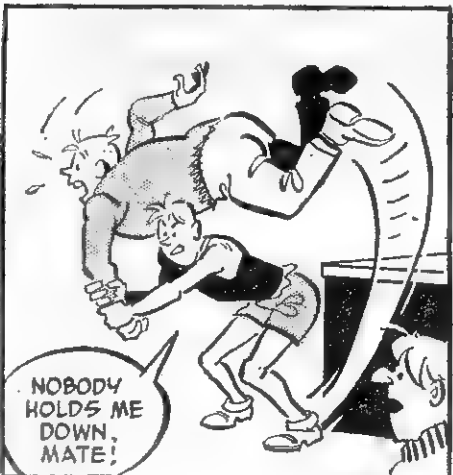
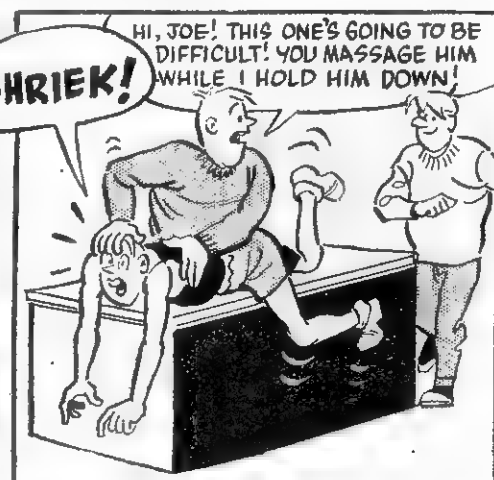
The unfortunate attackers could hardly stop laughing long enough to surrender.

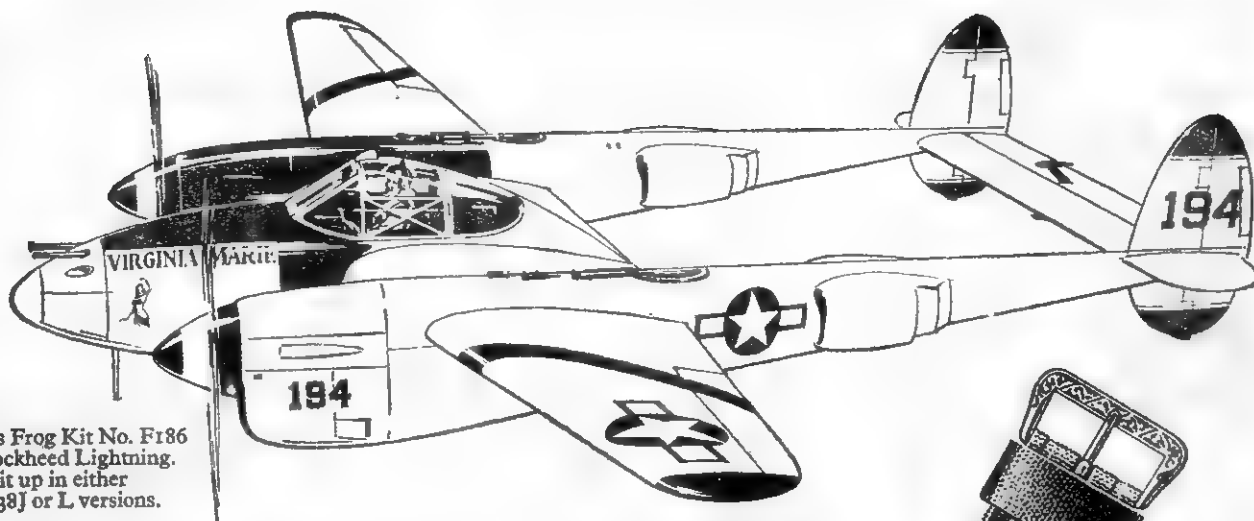
Tom Arto had triumphed again.

(Make a date with Tom Arto again in next week's "BUSTER and GIGGLE"!)

HERE'S A SUPER SPORTSMAN WHO'S GAME FOR A LAUGH!

KEEP FIT FRED





This is Frog Kit No. F186
the Lockheed Lightning.
Make it up in either
the P.38J or L versions.

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NAME
(BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE)

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801 Offer valid only until August 31st, 1968



PATCH-EYE HOOKER

Terror of the seas

AFTER MISTAKING THE SAILS OF A PASSING MERCHANTMAN FOR THOSE OF A SPANISH TREASURE SHIP, PATCH-EYE HOOKER MADE AN EVEN BIGGER BLUNDER WHEN HE DECIDED TO ATTACK. HIS VICTIM PUT UP A VERY STERN FIGHT BEFORE GIVING IN. THEN THE REAL SPANISH SHIP APPROACHED THE SCENE...

LUCKILY FOR PATCH-EYE WILL BARBER WAS ALSO AT HAND—ABOARD TOBIAS FLAGON'S LATEST INVENTION...



I MUST WARN THE CAPTAIN THAT THE SPANIARDS ARE BEARING DOWN ON HIM!

BUT I CANNOT RELEASE TOO MUCH GAS FROM THE AIRBAG OR WE WILL NOT RISE AGAIN. LOWER YOURSELF BY THE ANCHOR ROPE, LAD!

EVEN AS WILL DROPPED TOWARDS THE DECK...



OH, MY GOSH. THE CAPTAIN'S BEEN STRUCK DOWN!

THEN YOU'D BETTER ROUSE HIM QUICKLY! THE SPANIARDS ARE COMING WITH FULL SAIL!

PATCH-EYE NEEDED NO ROUSING... SPANIARDS YOU SAY, WELL, DON'T STAND THERE LIKE STATUES, LADS. GET BACK ABOARD FIREBRAND AND PREPARE TO MEET THE FOE!

IT LOOKED BAD... WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM? IS HE SHOT?



NAY, LAD—SHOCKED! HE'S JUST SEEN THE CARGO WE'VE CAPTURED. A TON OR TWO OF RED PEPPER!



W-WHAT?



BUT THERE WAS NOTHING TO PREPARE...

WHAT DO YE MEAN WE'RE OUT OF POWDER AND SHOT, YE SWAB?

'TIS TRUE, CAP'N! YOU HAD US USE IT ALL TO FORCE THAT TRADER INTO SUBMISSION!



WILL SPOKE UP... PERHAPS TOBIAS FLAGON CAN HELP YOU OUT OF YOUR PLIGHT, CAPTAIN HOOKER!



T-THAT OLD FOOL? HOW CAN HE? HE'S BACK ON THE ISLAND, BOY!



NO, HE ISN'T. CAP'N! HE IS UP ALOFT! LOOK!

WELL! I'LL BE SCUPPERED!

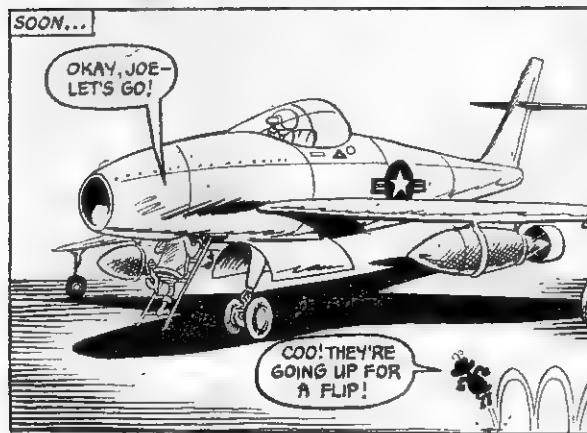
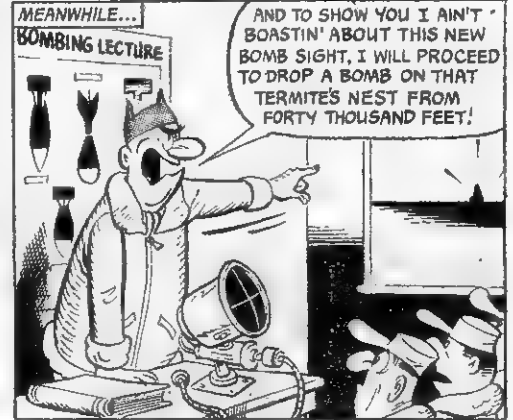


ENJOY ANOTHER ASTOUNDING ADVENTURE OF PATCH-EYE HOOKER — STARTING NEXT WEEK!



CRUNCHER

THE TINY TERMITE WITH THE BIG APPETITE

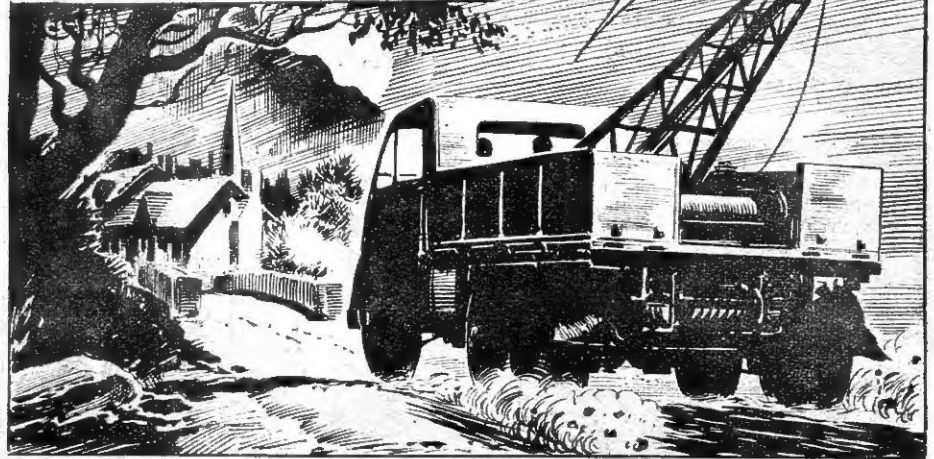


THE AIR FORCE BANGS AWAY AGAIN NEXT MONDAY . . . BUT WILL IT SCORE A HIT?

DEAD FROM BELOW

When an underground eruption destroyed an oil-drilling site in a remote Welsh valley, Dick Rivers, a scientist, drove for help. As he raced through the night, he noticed that huge hummocks had distorted the landscape. Then he came upon a girl who claimed that she had seen giant creatures crawling over the land. Dick helped her into the cab and drove on . . .

WITHOUT FURTHER MISHAP DICK RIVERS ARRIVED AT THE FIRST SIZABLE VILLAGE. ALL WAS PEACEFUL AS HE RUMBLED IN, AND APART FROM THE OCCASIONAL SMALL CREATURES HE HAD SPOTTED IN THE HEADLAMPS, HE HAD SEEN NOTHING UNTOWARD. . .



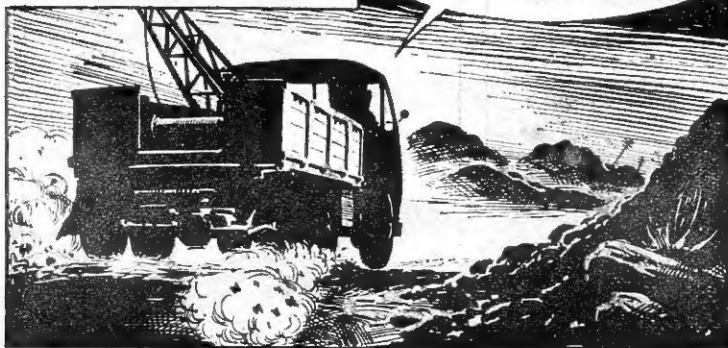
BUT THE GIRL WAS STILL FRIGHTENED WHEN THEY ENTERED THE POLICE STATION. . .



THERE'S BEEN A DISASTER! GET ON TO FISGUARD TO SEND AMBULANCES AND RESCUE WORKERS OUT THERE AT ONCE! ATTEND TO THAT FIRST THEN SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO FOR THIS YOUNG LADY!



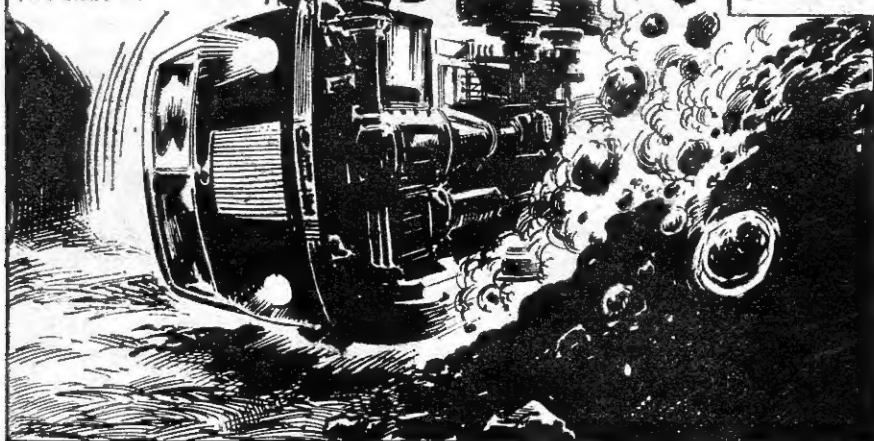
HAVING MADE SURE HELP WAS ON THE WAY, DICK RIVERS SET OUT ALONE TO RETURN TO THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER. . .



THEN SUDDENLY, WITHOUT ANY WARNING. . .



WITH A MIGHTY CRASH THE TEN-TON TRUCK TOPPLED ON ITS SIDE. . .



A STRANGE HISSING SOUND FILLED THE AIR BUT DICK RIVERS NEVER HEARD IT AS HE SPRAWLED SENSELESS IN THE CAB.

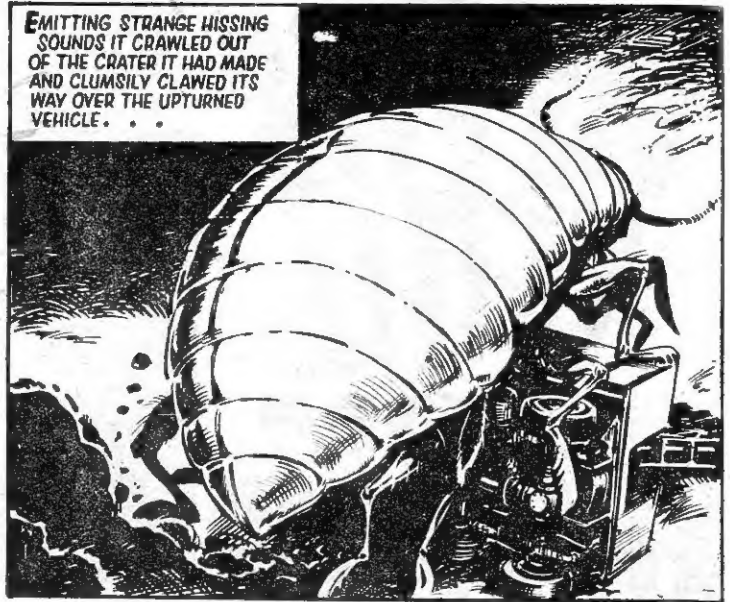


FROM OUT OF THE EARTH IT CAME — A GIGANTIC, FEARSOME SHAPE !

MORE EARTH ERUPTED AND THEN A GREAT SHAPE APPEARED OUT OF THE MOUND . . .



EMITTING STRANGE HISSING SOUNDS IT CRAWLED OUT OF THE CRATER IT HAD MADE AND CLUMSILY CLAWED ITS WAY OVER THE UPTURNED VEHICLE . . .

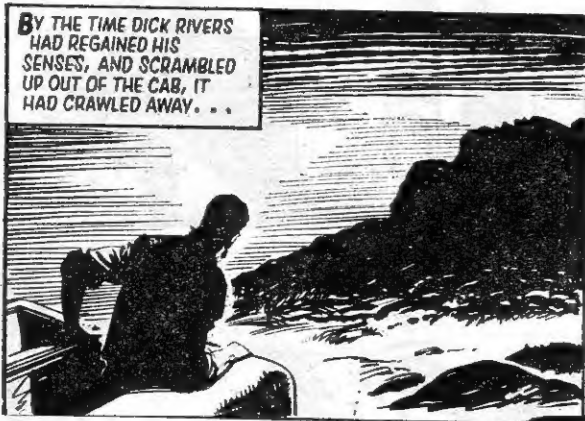


BUT NOT QUITE OUT OF SIGHT . . .

DICK DECIDED TO INVESTIGATE . . .

MAYBE THAT GIRL WAS RIGHT — OR MAYBE I JUST IMAGINED I SAW SOMETHING !

BY THE TIME DICK RIVERS HAD REGAINED HIS SENSES, AND SCRAMBLED UP OUT OF THE CAB, IT HAD CRAWLED AWAY . . .

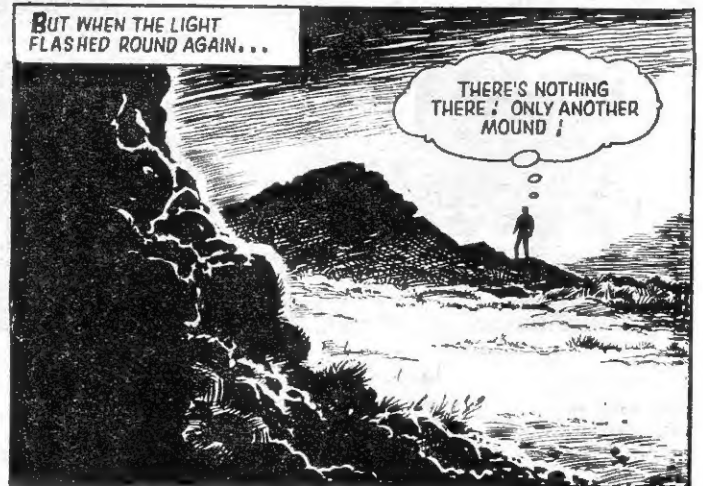


WHAT'S THAT MOVING ABOUT UP THERE ? SOMETHING PRETTY BIG !



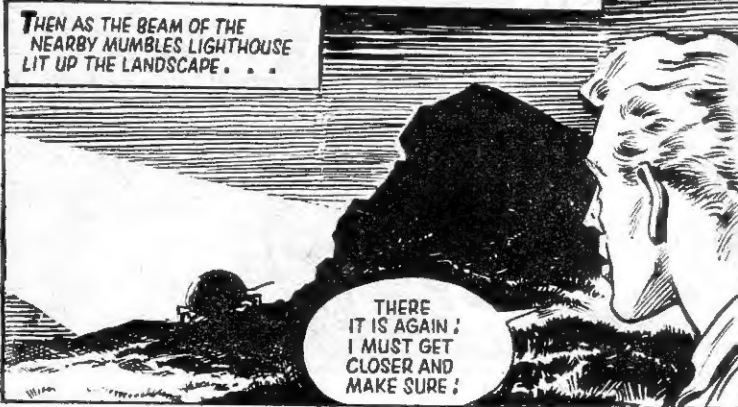
BUT WHEN THE LIGHT FLASHED ROUND AGAIN . . .

THERE'S NOTHING THERE ! ONLY ANOTHER MOUND !

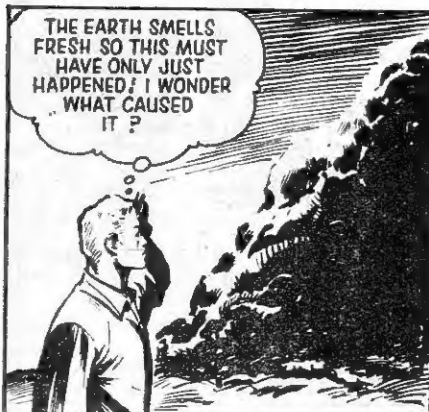


THEN AS THE BEAM OF THE NEARBY MUMBLES LIGHTHOUSE LIT UP THE LANDSCAPE . . .

THERE IT IS AGAIN ! I MUST GET CLOSER AND MAKE SURE !



THE EARTH SMELLS FRESH SO THIS MUST HAVE ONLY JUST HAPPENED ! I WONDER WHAT CAUSED IT ?



THEN HE HEARD THE NOISE OF DISTANT VEHICLES AND DECIDED TO RETURN TO THE ROAD . . .

IT'S THE RESCUE TEAM FROM FISHGUARD ! I'D BETTER HURRY DOWN AND JOIN THEM !



IT WAS DAWN BY THE TIME THE RESCUE OPERATIONS WERE COMPLETED AND THE AMBULANCES WERE ON THEIR WAY BACK...

YOU LOOK ALL IN YOURSELF, DR. RIVERS! WE'D BEST RUN YOU TO THE HOSPITAL, TOO!

LATER, MAYBE - BUT FIRST I'LL GO WITH YOU TO THE POLICE STATION! I MUST MAKE A REPORT TO THE POWERS-THAT-BE!

WHAT DO YOU THINK IS THE CAUSE OF ALL THIS, DOC P? YOUR DRILLING, DO YOU THINK?

NO! NEVER! JUST A COINCIDENCE! PD SAY IT WAS A MINOR VOLCANIC DISTURBANCE!



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